From Estate of Dr William Mack

Harriet Atkins.

I'll die for noo Shepherd noo I —

1804

When first on the plains I be — gan to ap — peer and the shepherds to — gle and sigh. When first on the

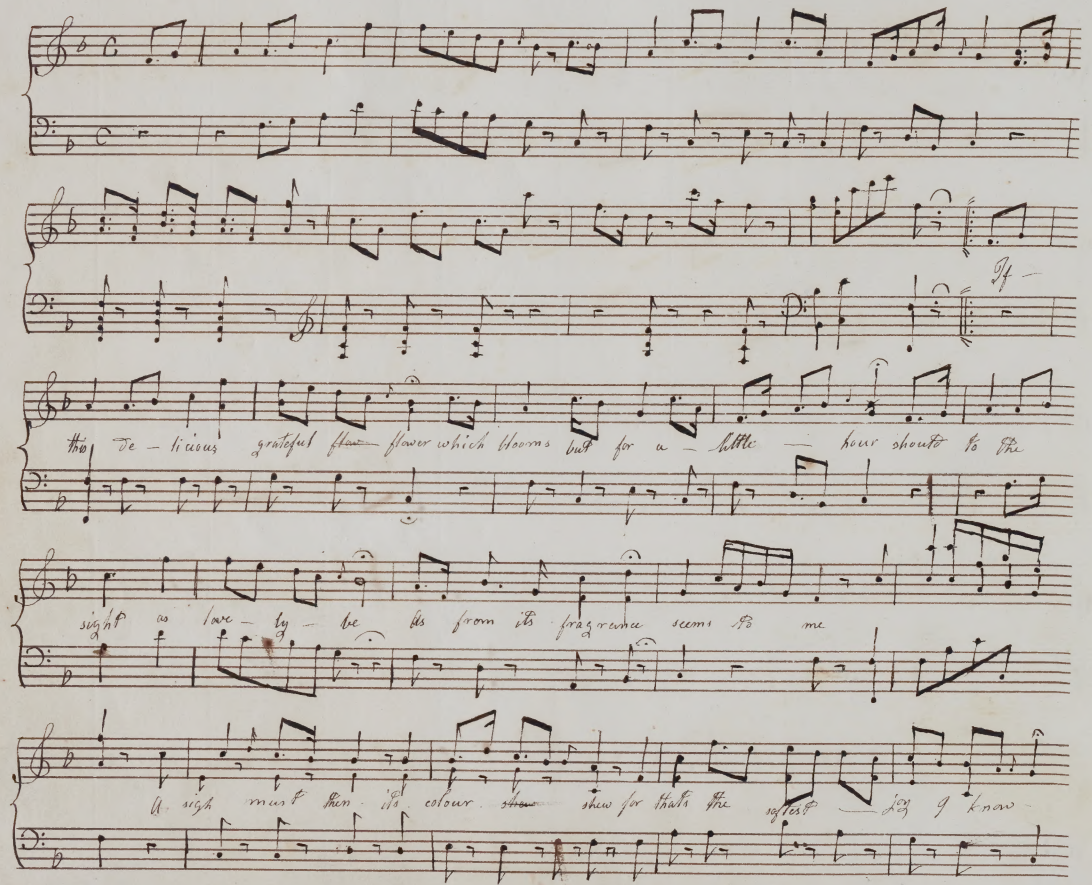
plains I be — gan to ap — peer and the shepherds to o — gle and sigh. They called me their dear their de —

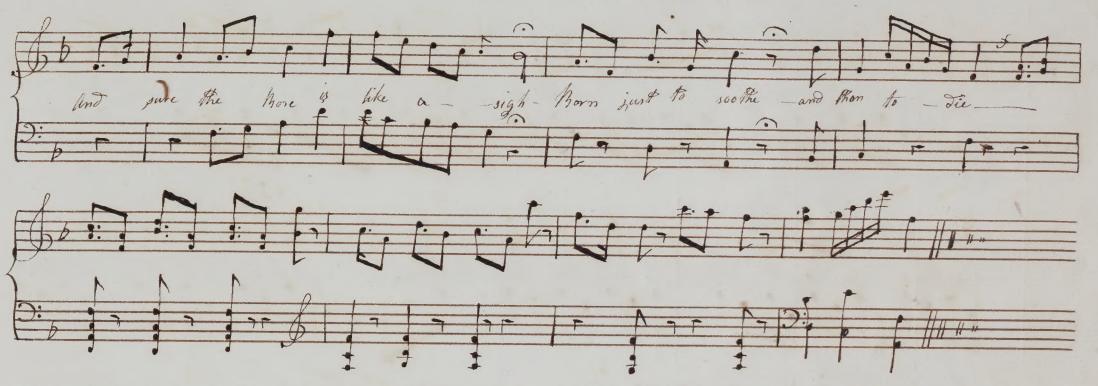
light and their joy, they called me their dear their de light and their joy, but I heed no such nonsense not

I, they call me their dear their de — light and their joy, but I heed no such nonsense not I,

not I, I heed no such nonsense not I, not I, I heed no such nonsense not I not I ——

The Rose — In the Opera of the Blind girl —


If —
this de – licious grateful flow'r — flower which blooms but for a – little — hour shouts to the
sight as love – ly – be its from its fragrance seems to me
A sigh must then its colour shew for thats the softest joy I know

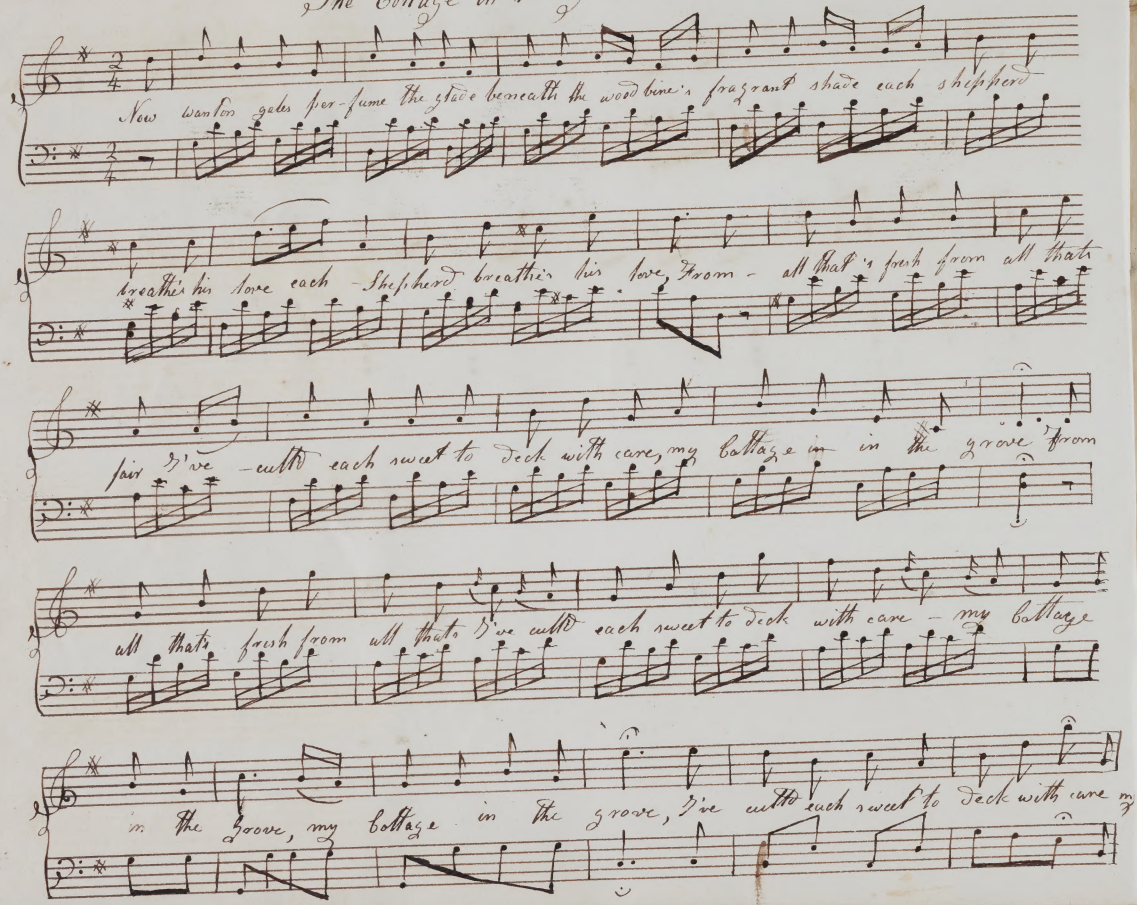


2

My father when our fortunes smiled,
With jewels decked his sightless child;
Their glittering worth the world might see,
But ah! they shed no sweets for me.
Still as the present failed to charm,
The trickling drop bedewed my arm,
And sure the gem to me most dear
Was a kind Wood & his pitying tear —

Number 5

The Cottage in the Grove. —


Now wanton gales per-fume the glade beneath the wood bine's fragrant shade each shepherd
breathe his love each Shepherd breathe his love, From all that's fresh from all that's
fair I've culld each sweet to deck with care, my Cottage in the grove from
all that's fresh from all that I've culld each sweet to deck with care my Cottage
in the Grove, my Cottage in the grove, I've culld each sweet to deck with care my

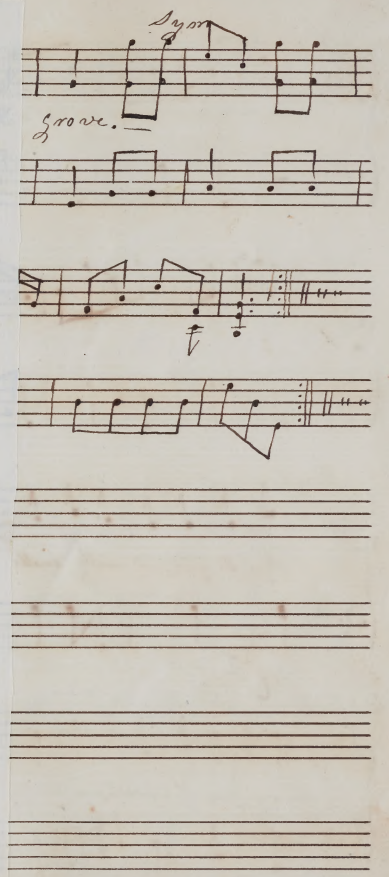
2d

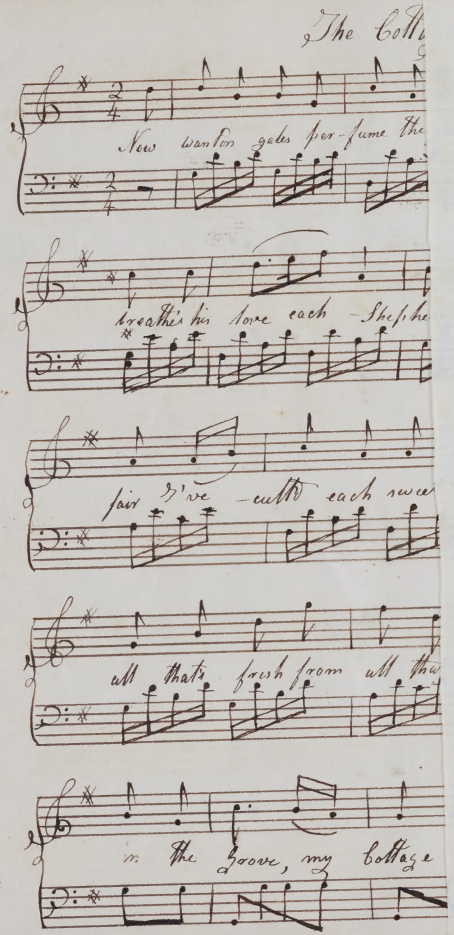
O come Eliza lovely maid,
To share the sweets of rural shade,
O come and be my love —
Here music charms with magic sound,
While love and pleasure reign around,
My Cottage in the grove. —

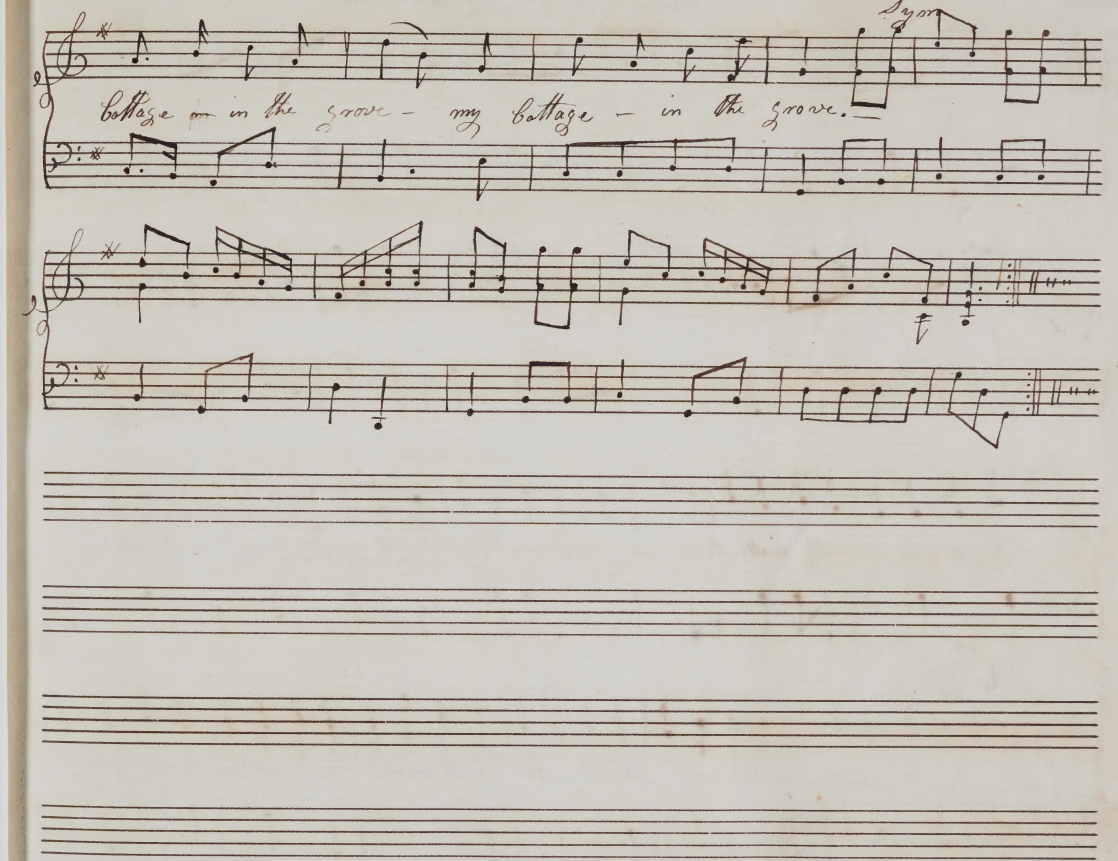
3d

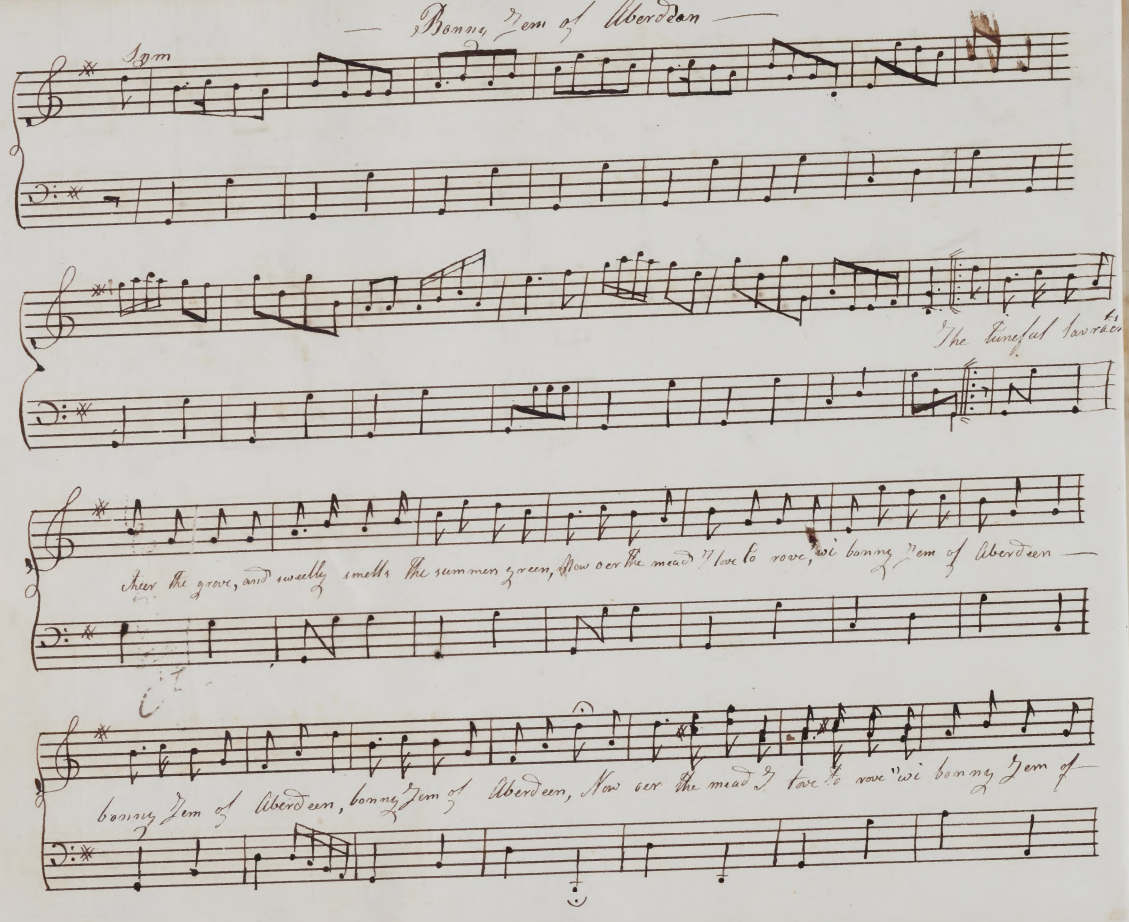
Here roses red and roses white,
With rural sweets my fair invite,
These rural joys to prove —
Here harmony delights to dwell,
Content is found within my cell,
My Cottage in the grove ———

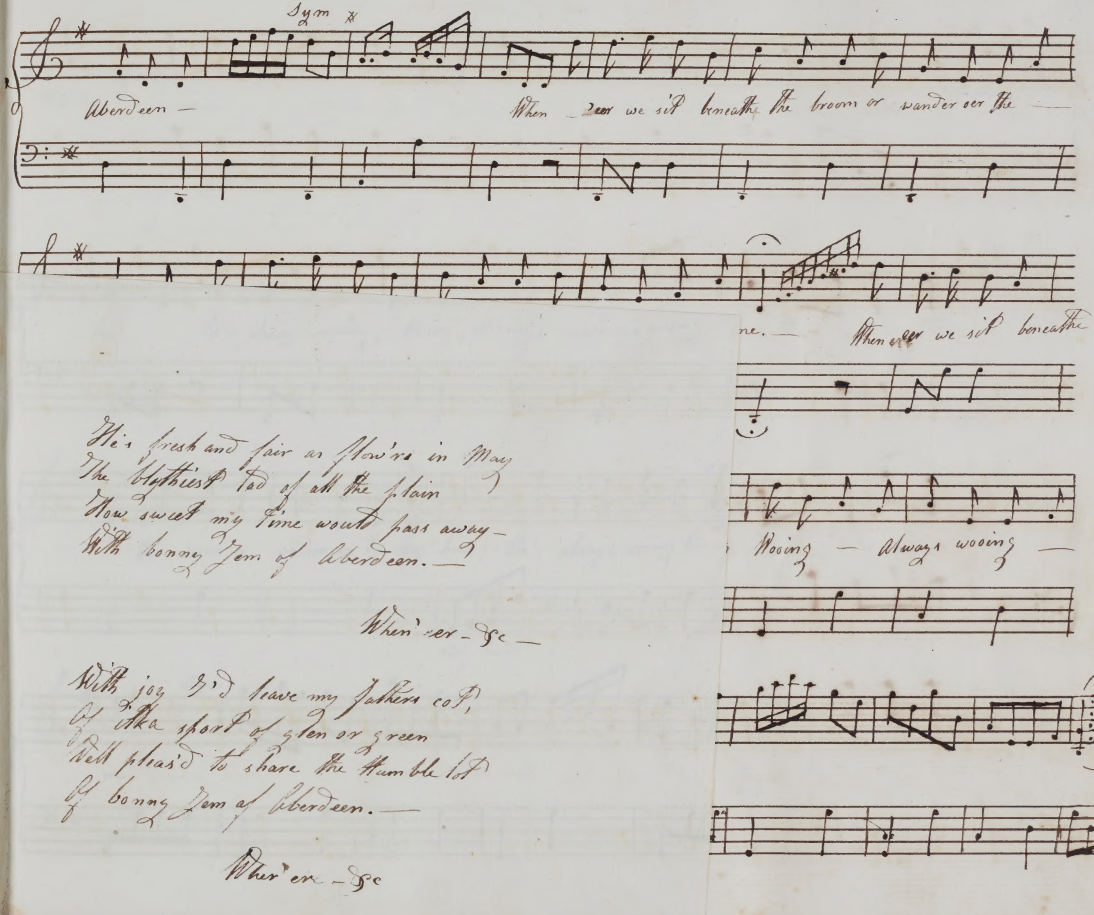
December 29 - 1804 —




The Cott
Now wanton gales per-fume the
breathe his love each - She, she
fair Ivy - curls each swe
all that's fresh from all the
in the Grove, my Cottage


Syon
Cottage in the Grove - my Cottage - in the Grove.


— Bonny Jem of Aberdeen —
Sym
The tuneful lav
Steer the grove, and sweetly smells the summer green, Now o'er the mead I love to rove, wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen —
bonny Jem of Aberdeen, bonny Jem of Aberdeen, Now o'er the mead I love to rove wi' bonny Jem of


Sym
Aberdeen —
When e'er we sit beneath the broom or wander o'er the —
ne. —
When e'er we sit beneath the
He's fresh and fair as flow'rs in May
The blythest lad of all the plain
How sweet my time would pass away —
Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen. —
Wooing — always wooing —
When'ever — &c —
With joy I'd leave my fathers cot,
Or else sport o'er glen or green
Well pleas'd to share the humble lot
Of bonny Jem of Aberdeen. —
Wher'ever — &c

— Bonny Jem of Aberdean —

Sym

Sheer the grove, and sweetly smells the

bonny Jem of Aberdeen, bonny Jem

Sym

Aberdeen — When dear we sit beneath the broom or wander oer the —

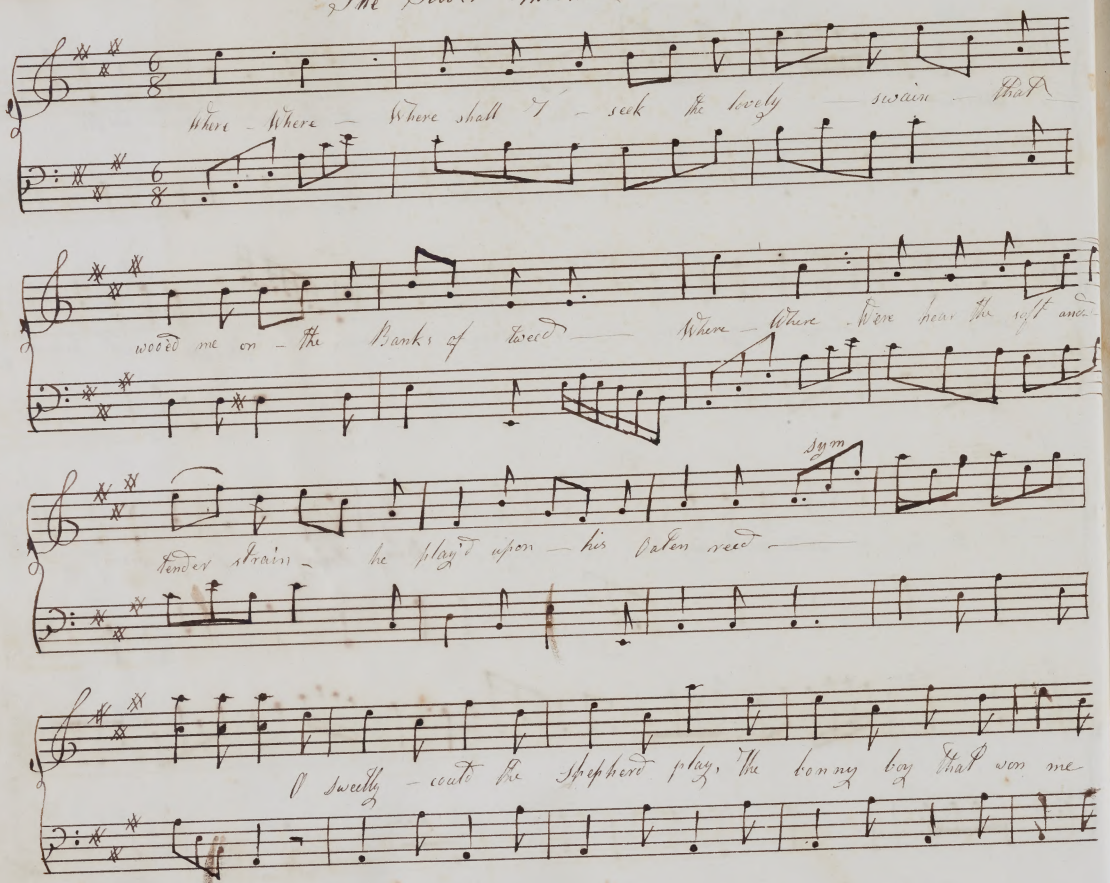
sea, he's always wooing, Wooing, Wooing, — always wooing — me. — When dear we sit beneath

— the broom or wander oer the sea, he's always wooing Wooing Wooing — always wooing —

Sym

me. —

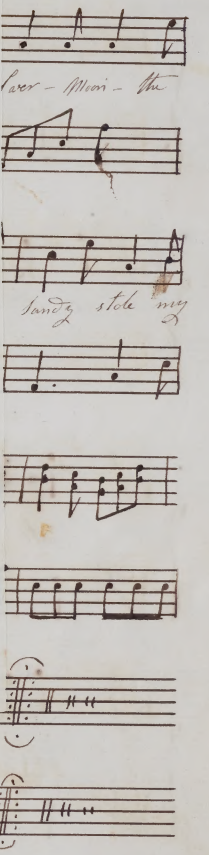
The Silver Moon

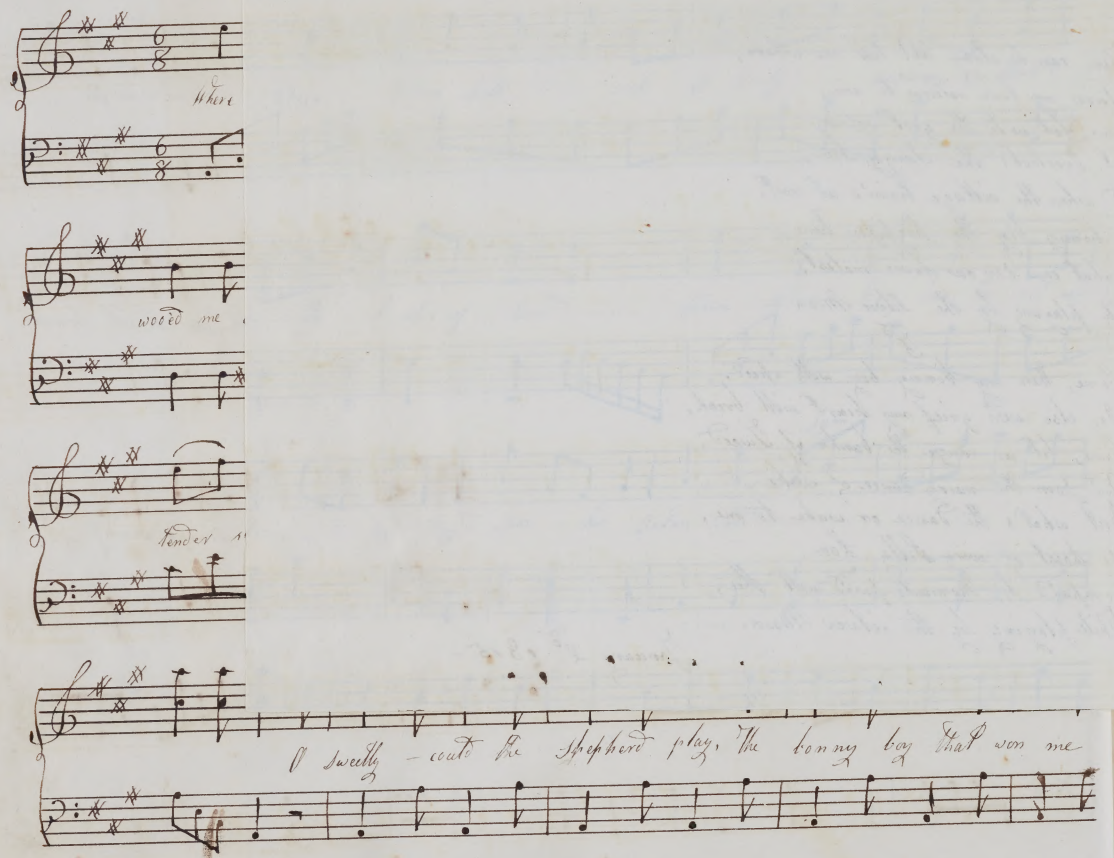

Where – Where – Where shall I – seek the lovely – swain – that
wooed me on – the Banks of Tweed – Where – Where – Where hear the sight and
sym
tender strain – he play'd upon – his Oaten reed –
O sweetly – could the Shepherd play, the bonny boy that won me

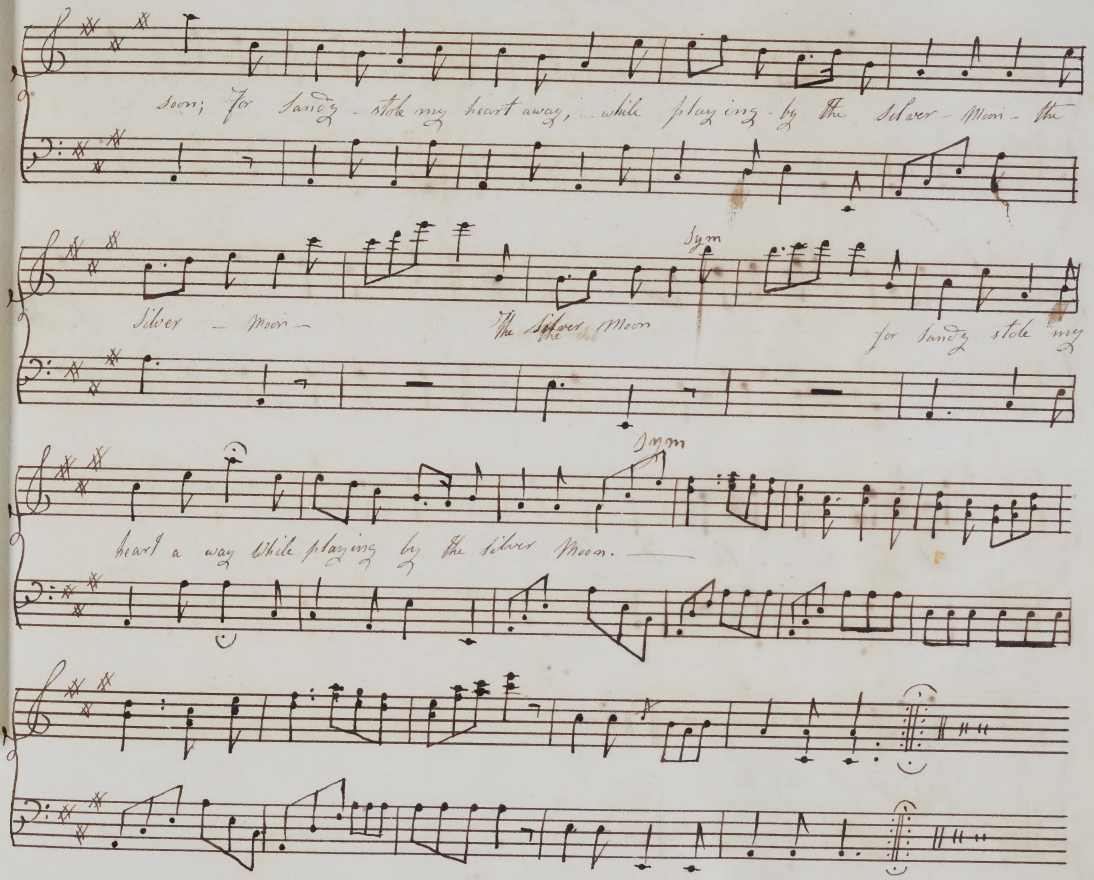
Where can he stray Oh! tell me where;
Return my love return to me,
Come, let us to the grot repair,
That overlooks the Surgy Sea,
And when the village train's at rest,
My bonny boy the bagpipes tune,
For what can e'er our loves molest,
While playing by the Silver Moon. –

Come, then my bonny boy with speed,
Or, else with grief my heart will break,
Come, let us range the banks of Tweed,
And join the merry dance of wake,
But what's the Dance or wake to me,
The boast of every Silly Loon,
Compared to Moments past with thee,
While playing by the silver Moon. –

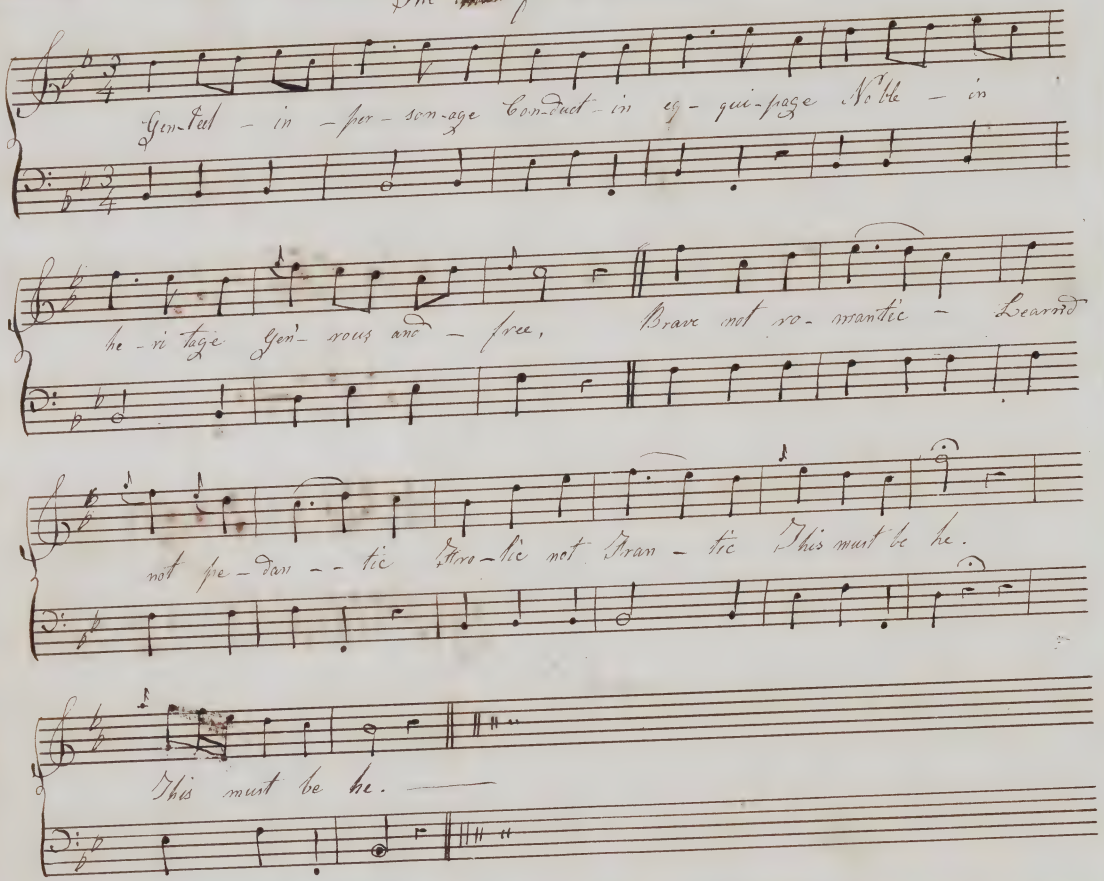
January 2d 1815 –




Where
wooed me
Tender
O sweetly – could the Shepherd play, the bonny boy that won me

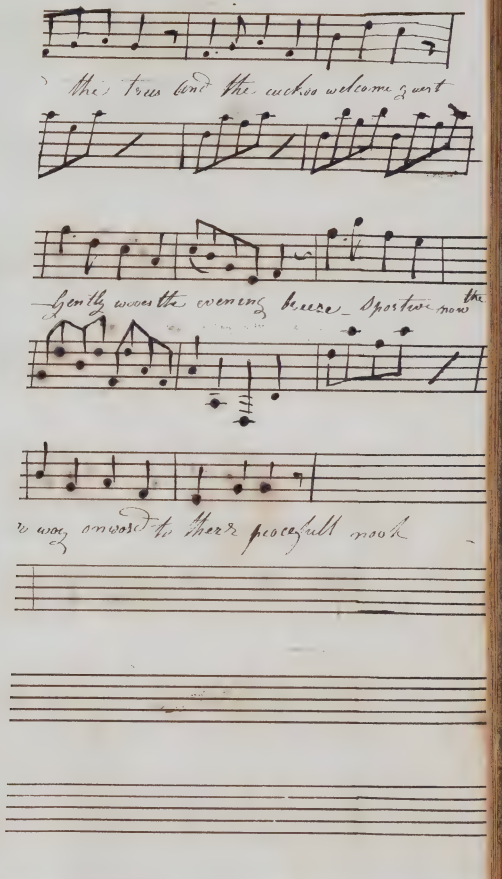

soon; for Sandy – stole my heart away, – while playing – by the Silver – Moon – the
Sym
Silver – Moon –
The Silver Moon
for Sandy stole my
Sym
heart a way While playing by the Silver Moon.

The Man for a Husband


Gen-teel – in – per – son-age Con-duct – in eg – qui-page Noble – in
he – ri tage Gen- rous and – free, Brave not ro- mantic – Learned
not pe – dan – – tic Elo – quent not Dram – tic This must be he.
This must be he.

Honour maintaining,
Generous disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new.
Neat, but not finical,
Sage but not cynical,
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

January 14 1805


the trees and the cuckoo welcome guest
Gently waves the evening breeze Sportive now the
we way onward to there peacefull nook

The

Gen-tel – in –per – son

he – ri tage Gen' – rous and –

not pe – dan – – tic Hero

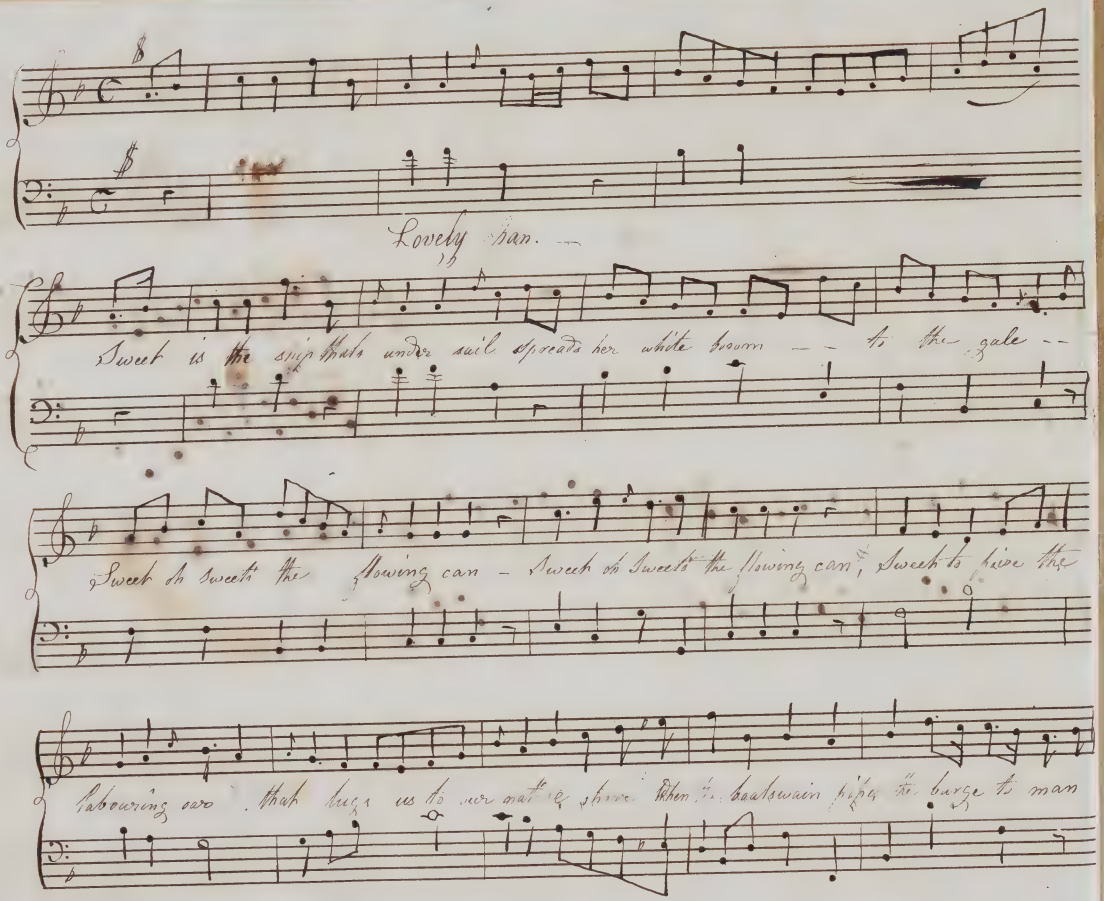
This must be he. ——

The Cuckoo.—

Now the sun is in the west Smiling – slow behind the trees And the cuckoo welcome guest

gently woos the evening breeze – Cuckoo – Cuckoo Cuckoo Cuckoo – Gently woos the evening breeze Sporting now the

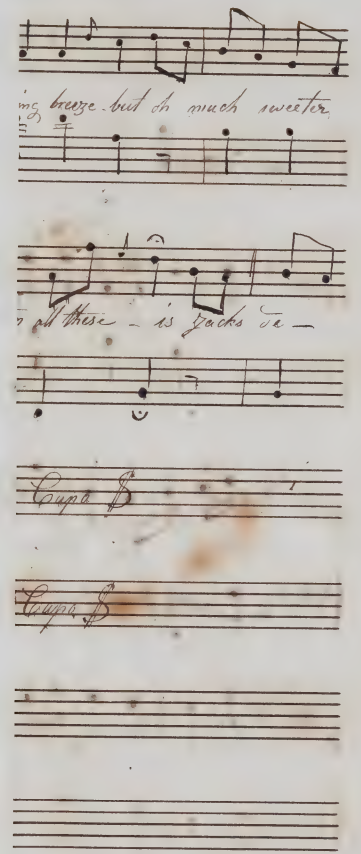
Swallows play in lofty shimmering air Over the brook darting swift their wings there woo onward to their peacefull nook

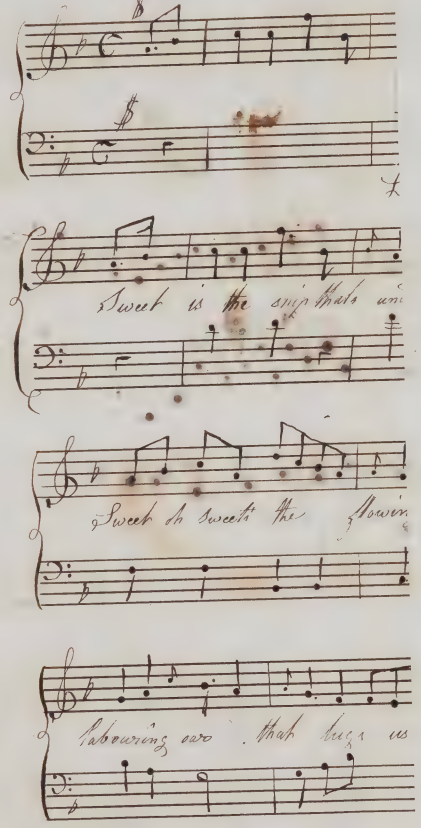

Lovely Nan. —
Sweet is the ship that under sail spreads her white bosom — — to the gale —
Sweet oh sweet the flowing can — Sweet oh Sweet the flowing can; Sweet to hear the
labouring oar that brings us to our native shore When the boatswain pipes the barge to man

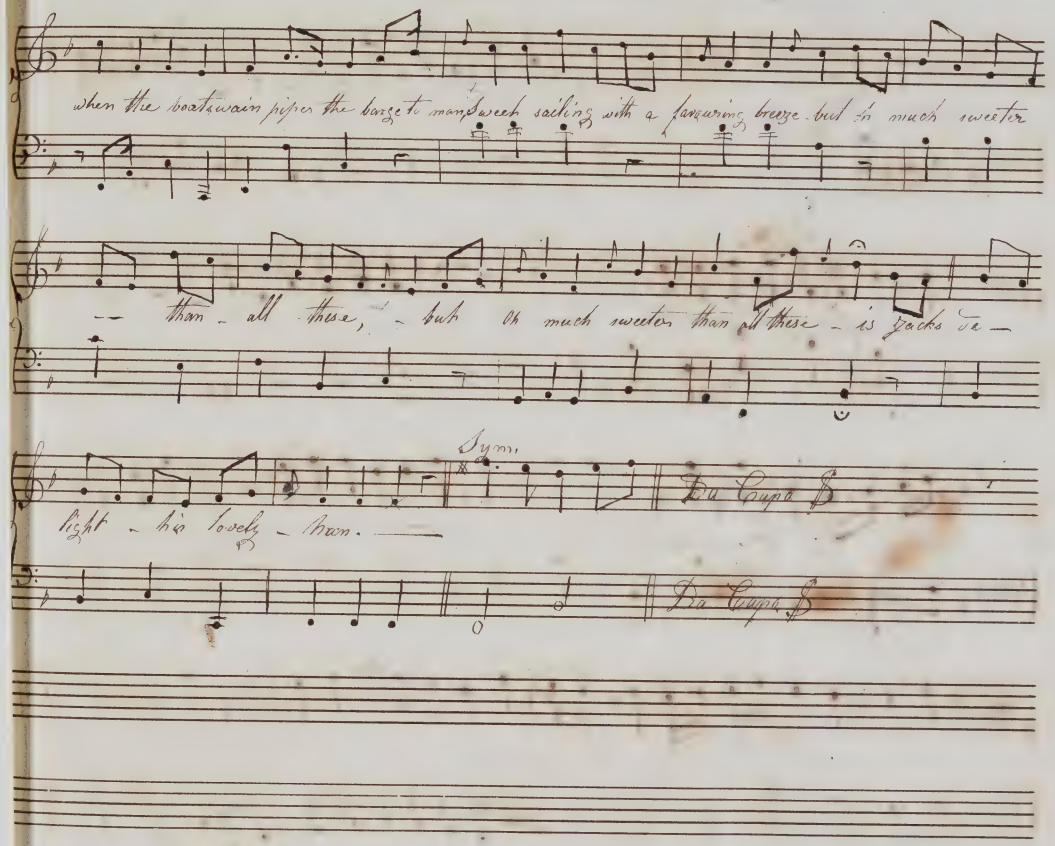
2

The needle, faithful to the north,
To shew of constancy the worth,
The curious lesson teaches man;
The needle, time may rust, or equal
Capsize the binnacle & all,
Let seamanship do all it can,
My love in worth shall higher rise
Nor time shall rust nor squalls capsize
My Faith and Truth to Lovely Nan. —

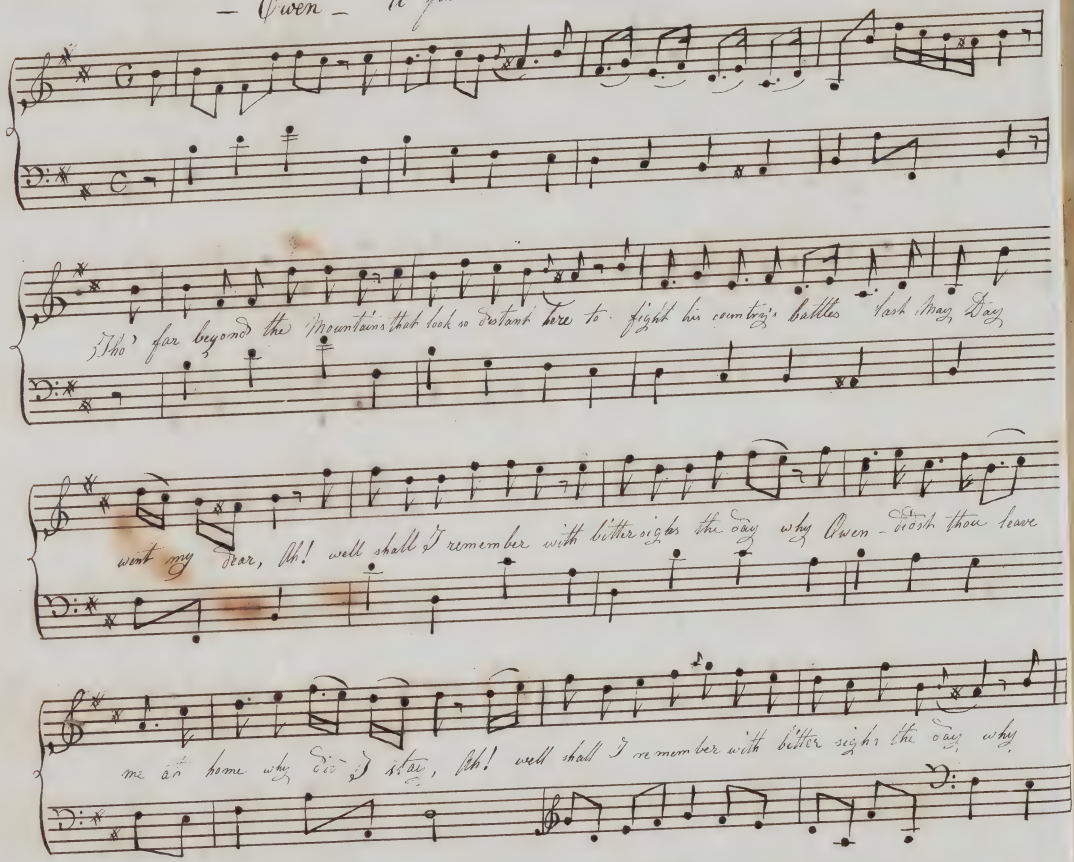
April 5th — 1805. —

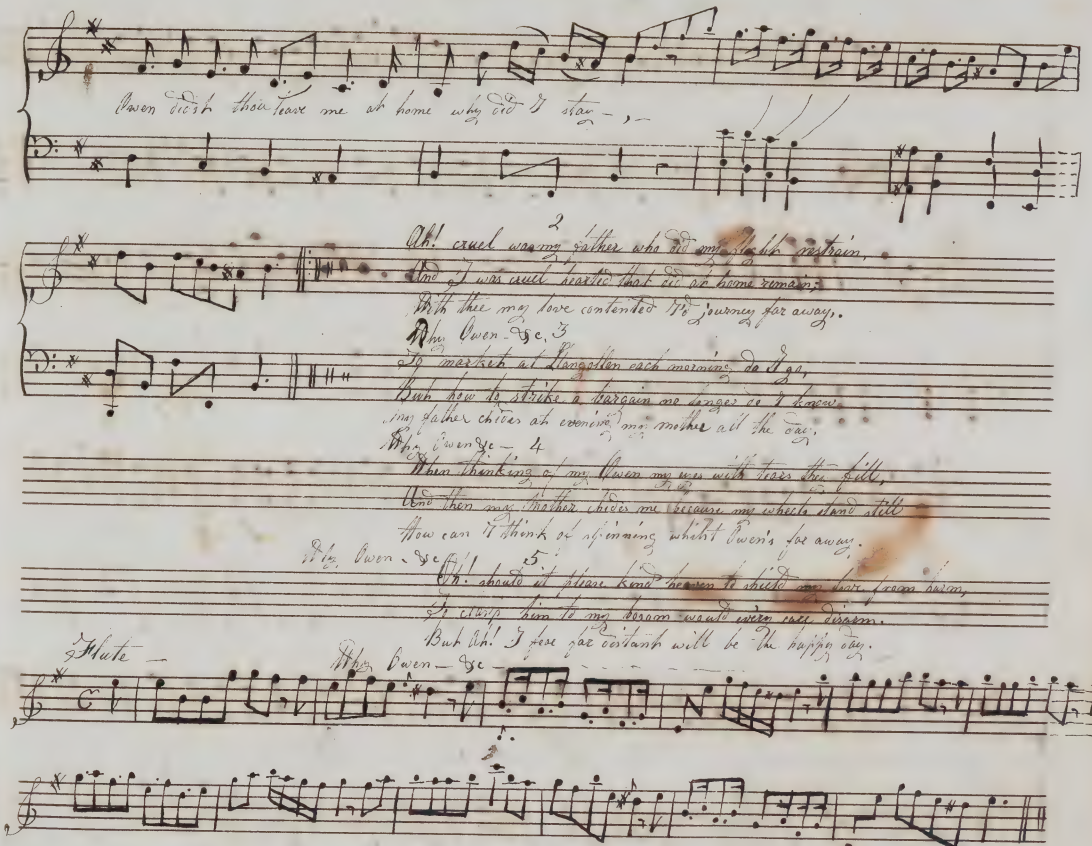



Sweet is the ship that
Sweet oh sweet the flowe
labouring oars that bring us

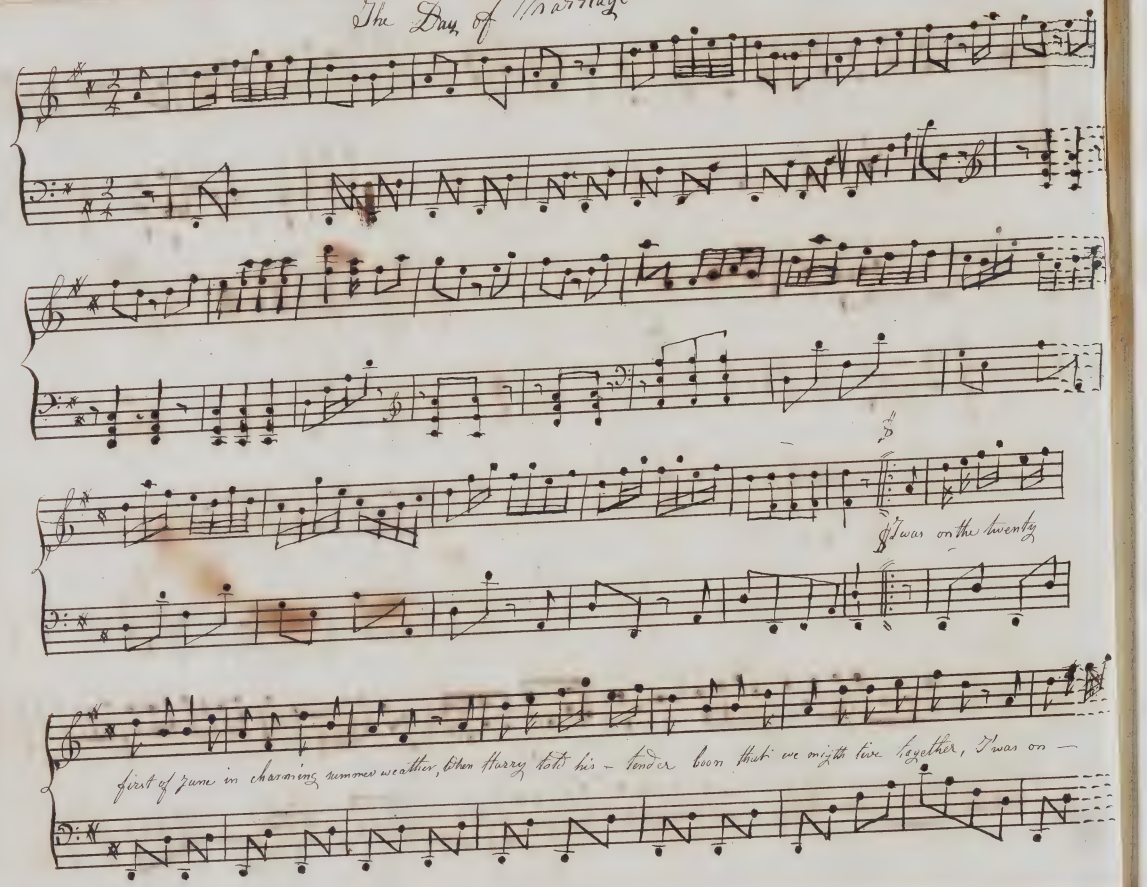

when the boatswain pipes the barge to man sweet sailing with a favouring breeze but oh much sweeter
— than all these, — but oh much sweeter than all these — is Jacks va —
Hymn
Da Capo
light — his lovely — barn. —
Da Capo

— Owen — A favourite Welch Air —


Tho' far beyond the Mountains that look so distant here to
fight his countrys battles
Dark May Day
wont my dear, Oh! well shall I remember with bitter sighs the day why Owen — wouldst thou leave
me at home why did I stay, Oh! well shall I remember with bitter sighs the day why

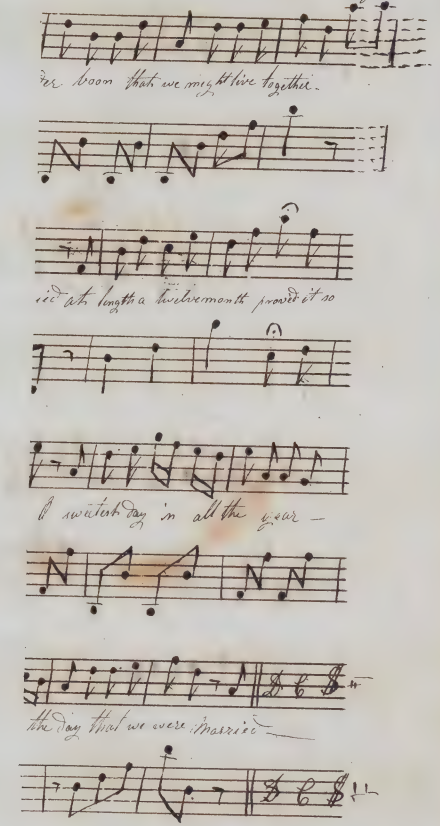

Owen wouldst thou leave me at home why did I stay —,
2
Oh! cruel was my father who bid my mother restrain,
And if was cruel heartless that bid me home remain;
With thee my love contented I'd journey far away.
Why Owen &c. 3
To market at Llangollen each morning do I go,
But how to strike a bargain no longer do I know,
my father cheers at evening my mother all the day.
Why Owen &c — 4
When thinking of my Owen my eyes with tears they fill,
And then my mother chides me because me wheels stand still —
How can I think of spinning whilst Owen's far away.
Why Owen — &c 5
Oh! should it please kind heaven to shield my dear from harm,
To clasp him to my bosom — would it were ever soon.
But Oh! I fear far distant will be the happy day.
Flute —
Why Owen — &c —

The Day of Marriage

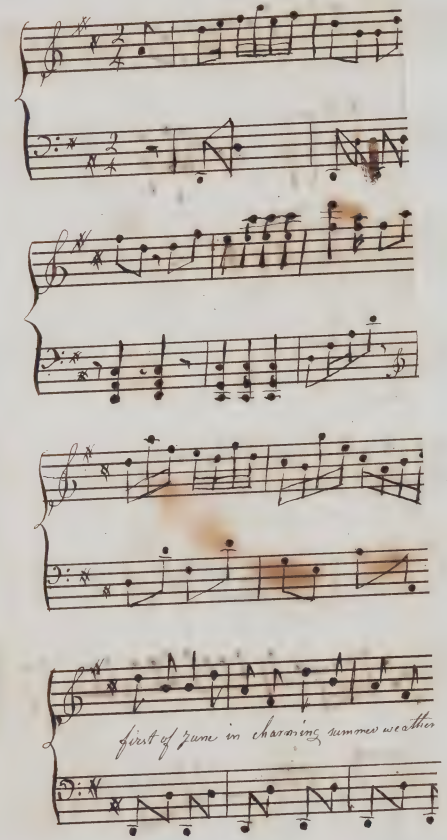

'Twas on the twenty
first of June in charming summer weather, when Harry told his – tender boon that we might live together, 'Twas on —

Though oft our friends have frowning said,
And called it sense and reason,
'T was time enough as yet to wed,
Ith any future season.
But Harry vow'd it should be so
And swore too long we'd tarry'd
Then said the twenty first of June,
The day that we were married,
Oh sweetest day – &c &c —

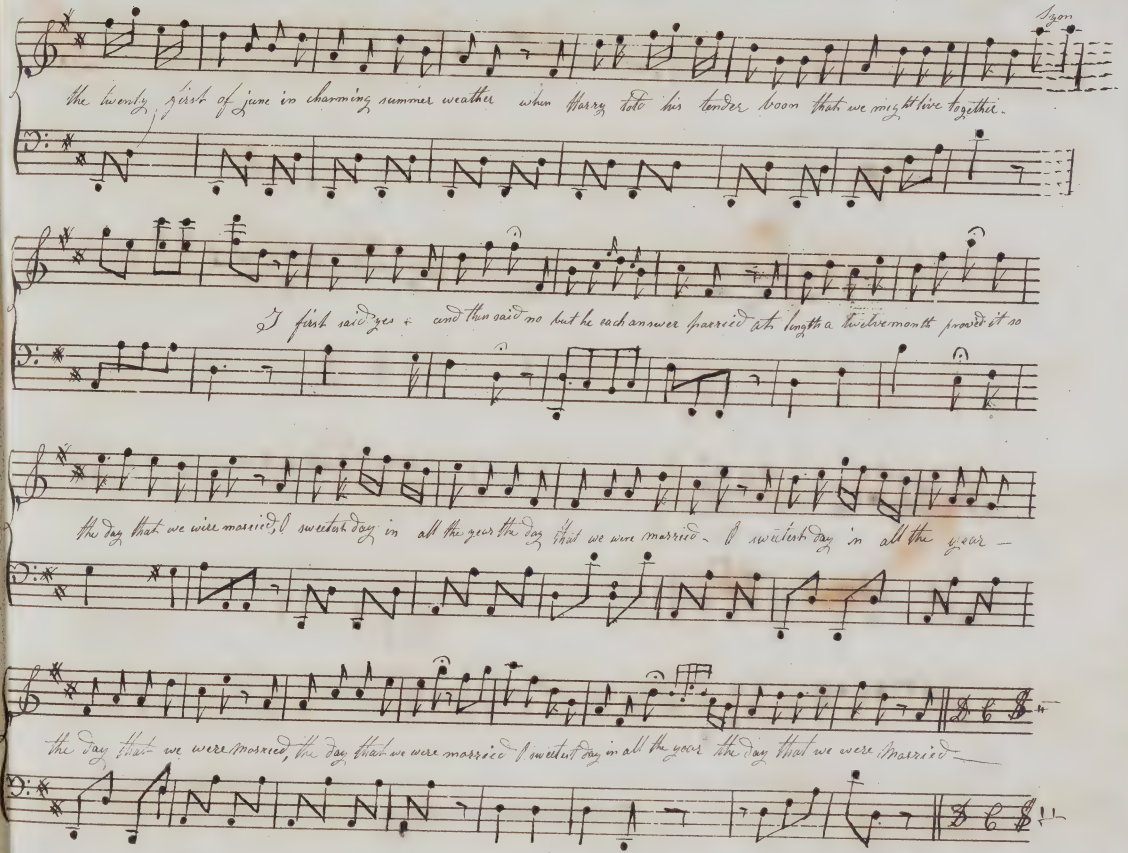
Three years have pass'd in mutual bliss,
No maidens do not tarry
A single life is sure amiss,
So I advise to marry.
For was the time to come again,
To church I would be carried,
And truly bless the happy day,
The day that we were married
Oh sweetest day &c &c —

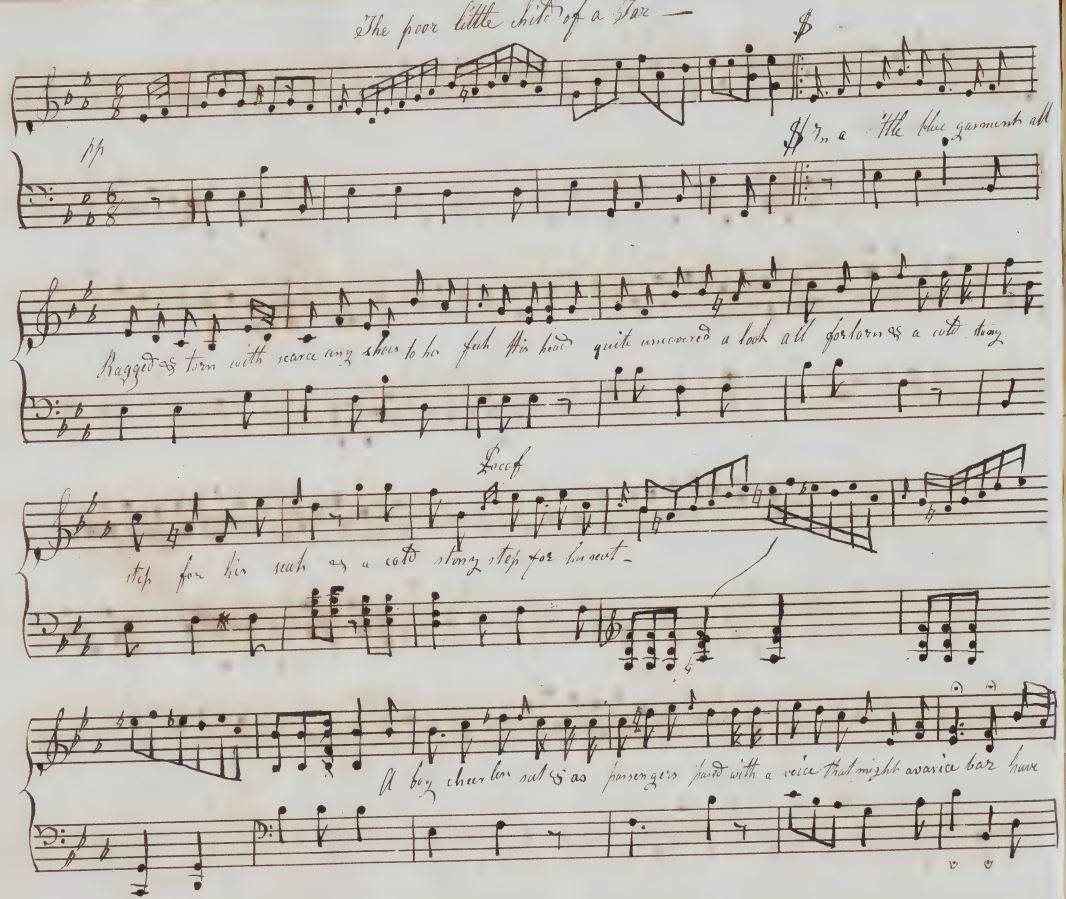

Upon
her boon that we might live together
it's at length a twelvemonth proved it so
O sweetest day in all the year –
the day that we were married

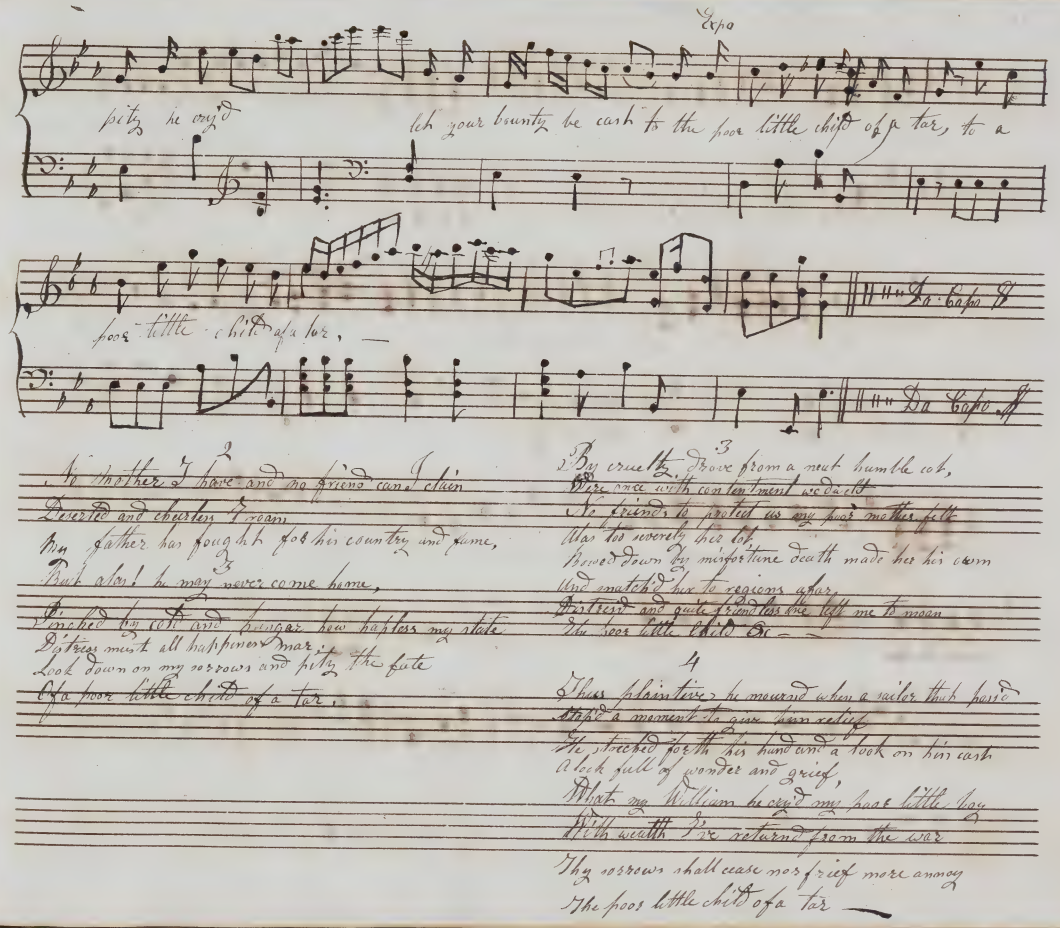
The


first of June in charming summer weather

Upon


the twenty first of June in charming summer weather when Harry told his tender boon that we might live together
I first said yes & then said no but he each answer parried at length a twelvemonth proved it so
the day that we were married, O sweetest day in all the year the day that we were married O sweetest day in all the year
the day that we were married, the day that we were married O sweetest day in all the year the day that we were married


The poor little child of a Tar —
pp
In a little blue garment all
Ragged & torn with scarce any shoes to his feet His head quite uncovered a look all forlorn & a cold thing
Deep
step for his years & a cold stony step for his meat —
A boy charity sat & as passengers past with a voice that might avarice bare have


Expo
pity he cry'd
teh your bounty be cast to the poor little child of a tar, to a
poor little child of a tar, —
Da Capo
Da Capo
No mother I have and no friend can I claim
Deserted and charityless I roam
My father has fought for his country and fame,
But alas! he may never come home,
Pinched by cold and hunger how hapless my state
Distress must all happiness mar,
Look down on my sorrows and pity the fate
Of a poor little child of a tar.
By cruelty drove from a neat humble cot,
We once with contentment we dwelt
No friends to protect us my poor mother felt
Alas too severely her lot
Bowed down by misfortune death made her his own
Who snatch'd her to regions afar,
Distress'd and quite friendless she left me to moan
The poor little child &c —
Thus plaintive he mourn'd when a sailor that pass'd
Stopp'd a moment to give him relief
He stretch'd forth his hand and a look on him cast
A look full of wonder and grief,
What my William he cry'd my dear little boy
With wealth I've returned from the war
Thy sorrows shall cease nor grief more annoy
The poor little child of a tar —

— Gratitudes tear —

Pray buy a nosegay sir a sweet child I'm an orphan that wretched

poor, I have rosebuds and pinks & sweet briar wild & heaven will bless you thrice, and the dew on each bud shall

be gratitudes tear, and shall wash away sorrow if any you wear —

2

Sympathy's tear now stole from her cheek
Poverty's surely no crime
Check'd with emotion I scarcely could speak,
For a sweet little girl in her prime,
And the dew &c &c

Kiss

— Another — 2

Hard hard is my fate my father is dead,
He fell in his country's defence,
Those friends who once courted our favour, are fled,
And shew'd all their friendship pretence —
Do pray buy my roses indeed they are not dear
Each bud shall be moistened with gratitudes tear

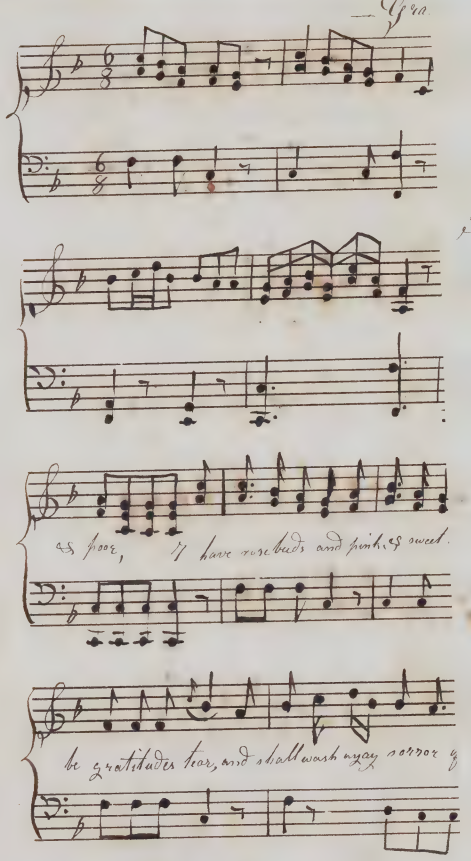
2

My mother was by when my brave father fell,
The bullet which robb'd him of life,
Sunk deep in the bosom that loved him so well
And murdered the health of his wife. —
Do pray buy my roses &c &c — —

Flower ornamented banks I passed where

all he asked a kiss I scornful cried ah

coensfull cry'd ah look away go boo



2

Dear Jenny did ye flouch a youth,
Or gi' that bosom pain
Which parts with honour and with truth
To call thee for it ain.

3

Then on his pipe he sweetly play'd
A maist delightful tune,
But na' mair words to him I said
Than hoot awa ye loon &c —

3

He said mess Jen should us unite,
If I to kirk would gang,
My bosom beat wi' new delight
Wi' him I went along.
The bonny lad I found sincere
Not wauning like the moon,
So dear I lo'd him I no more
Will hoot awa ye loon — &c

Hoot awa' ye loon —

When weary sol gaun'd down the west and sylvian bowlthe rose, the flower enamelled banks I fresh where

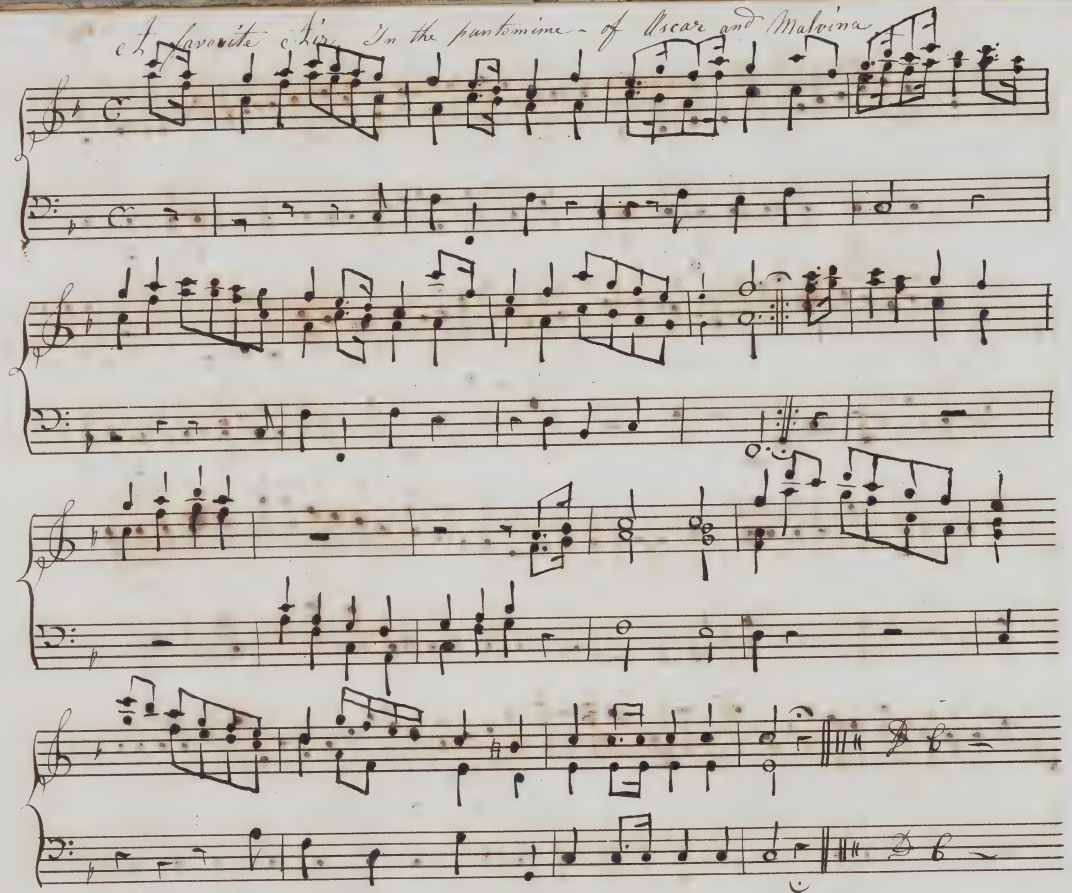
by my side I

crystal eden flows — Young Yockey sat him & kein'd his meaning well he asked a kiss I scornful cried ah

hoot awa ye loon, hoot awa ye loon Fie hoot awa ye loon He asked a kiss I scornfull cry'd Fie hoot awa ye loo

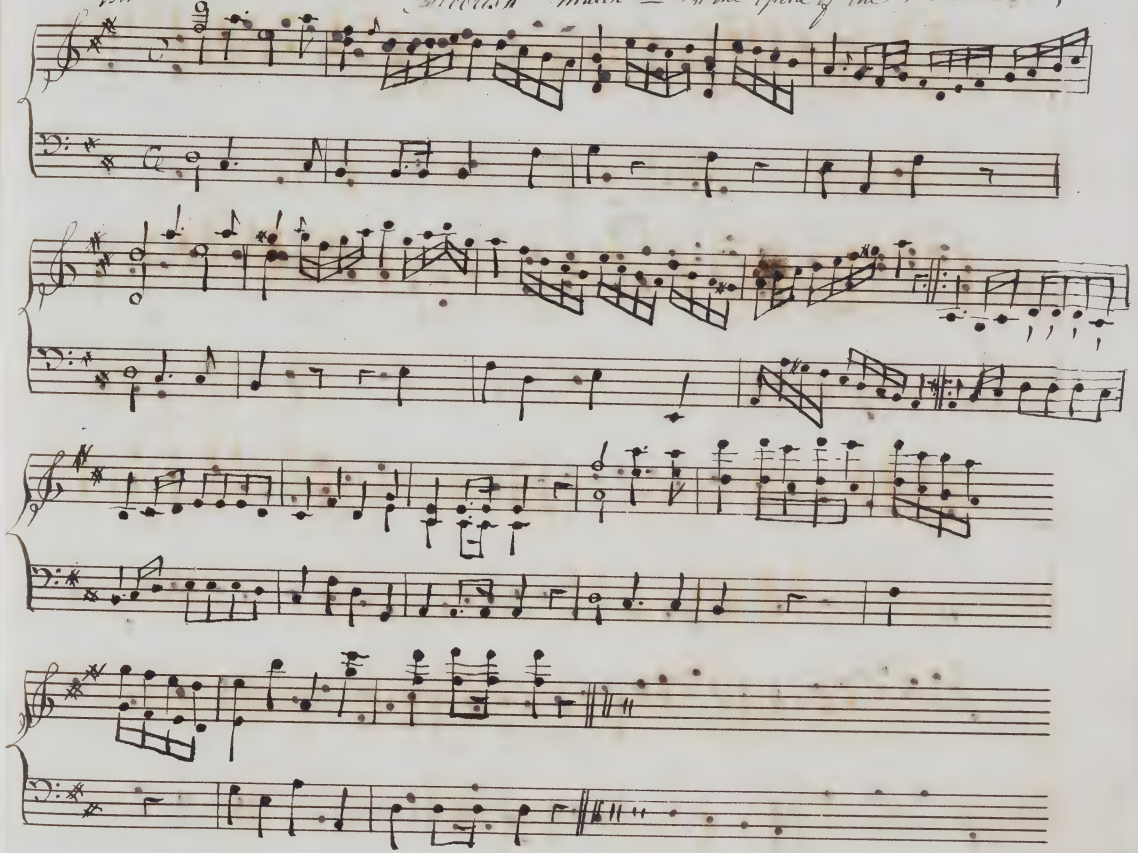
Hoot awa ye loon —

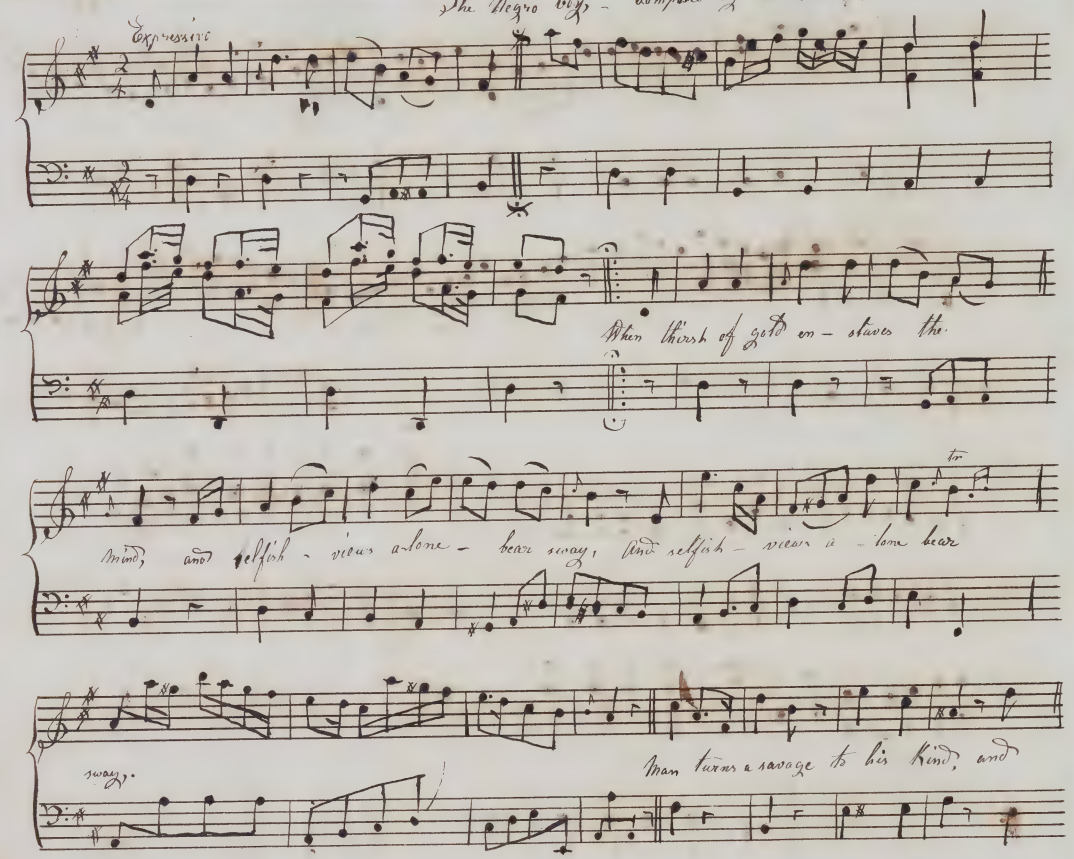
A favorite Air In the pantomime of Oscar and Malvina



Bell

Moorish March — In the Opera of the Mountaineers,




The Negro boy - Composed by Mr Moulds -
Expressive
When thirst of gold en - slaves the
mind, and selfish - views alone - bear sway, and selfish - views a - lone bear
Man turns a savage to his Kind, and
sway.

2

His fathers hope, his mothers pride,
Tho' black yet comely to the view,
A tore him helpless from their side.
And gave him to a ruffian crew.
Alas for this poor simple boy - &c &c,

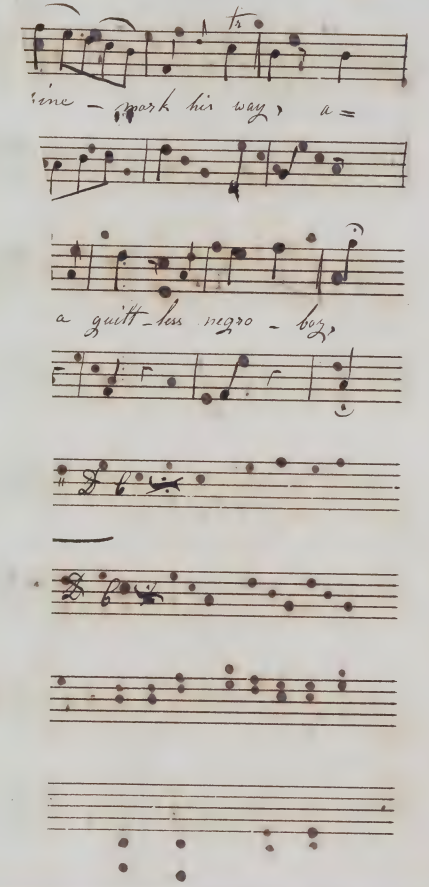
3

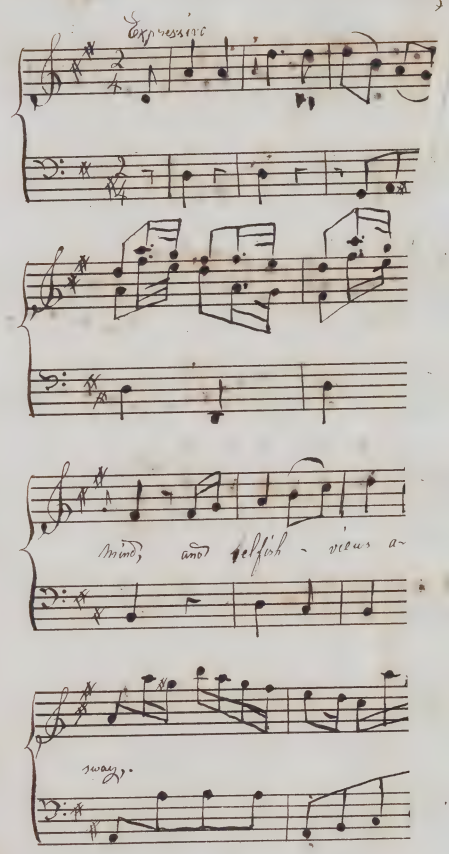
In Isles that deck the western main,
Th' unhappy youth was doom'd to dwell,
A poor forlorn insulted slave,
A beast that christians buy and sell
To finish that Africk's coast annoy - &c &c -

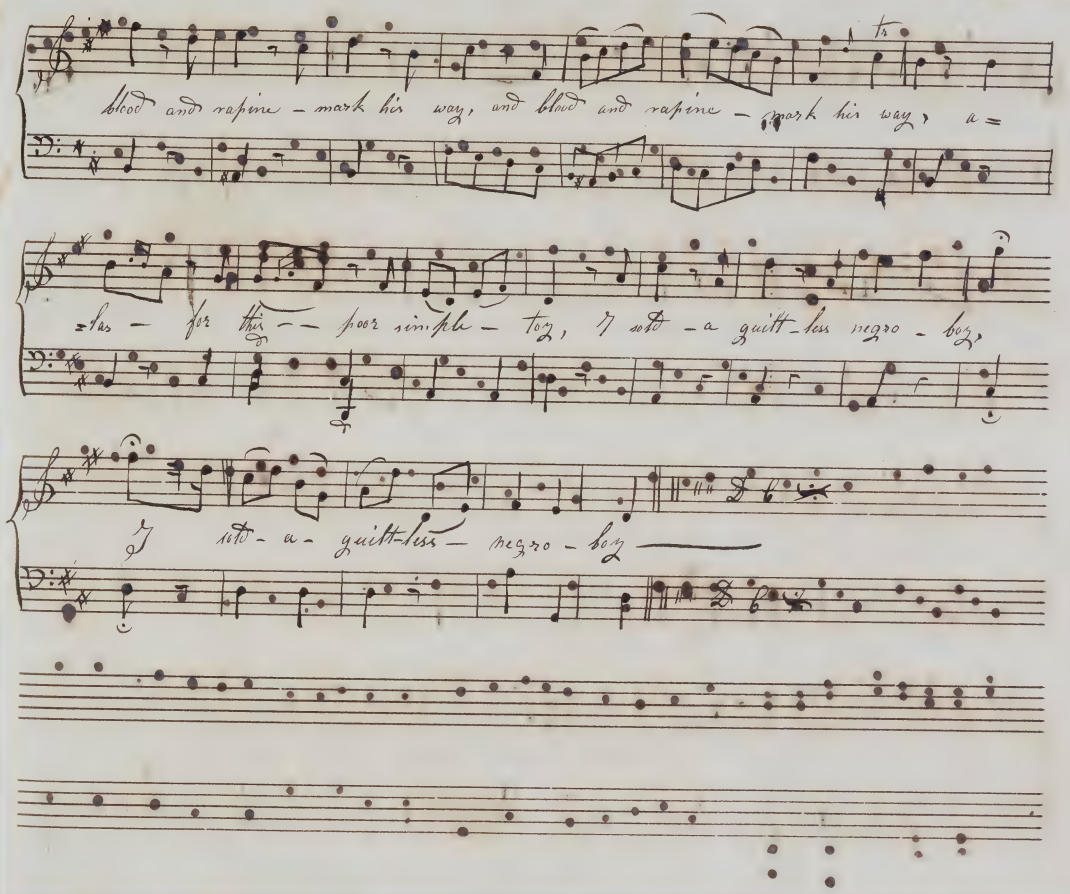
4

May he who walks upon the wind,
Who's voice in thunder's heard on high,
Who dost the raging tempest bind,
And wings the lightning thro' the sky,
Forgive the wretch that for a toy
Could sell a helpless negro boy. —

June 1805 -




Expressive
mind, and selfish - ness a-
way.


blood and rapine - mark his way, and blood and rapine - mark his way, a=
=las - for this - poor simple - toy, & soft - a guilt-less negro - boy,
& soft - a - guilt-less - negro - boy

Little Fairy —

Allegretto

Little Fairy succour lend, — you ere now have been a friend, when youre sipping

like a bee, think & pray you think of me, you for aid & call upon, Spouse of Mab sweet Oberon —

you for aid & call upon — spouse of Mab sweet Oberon you for aid & call upon — spouse of

Mab sweet Oberon — sweet Oberon — — — Sweet Oberon — — — You for aid &

Syn —

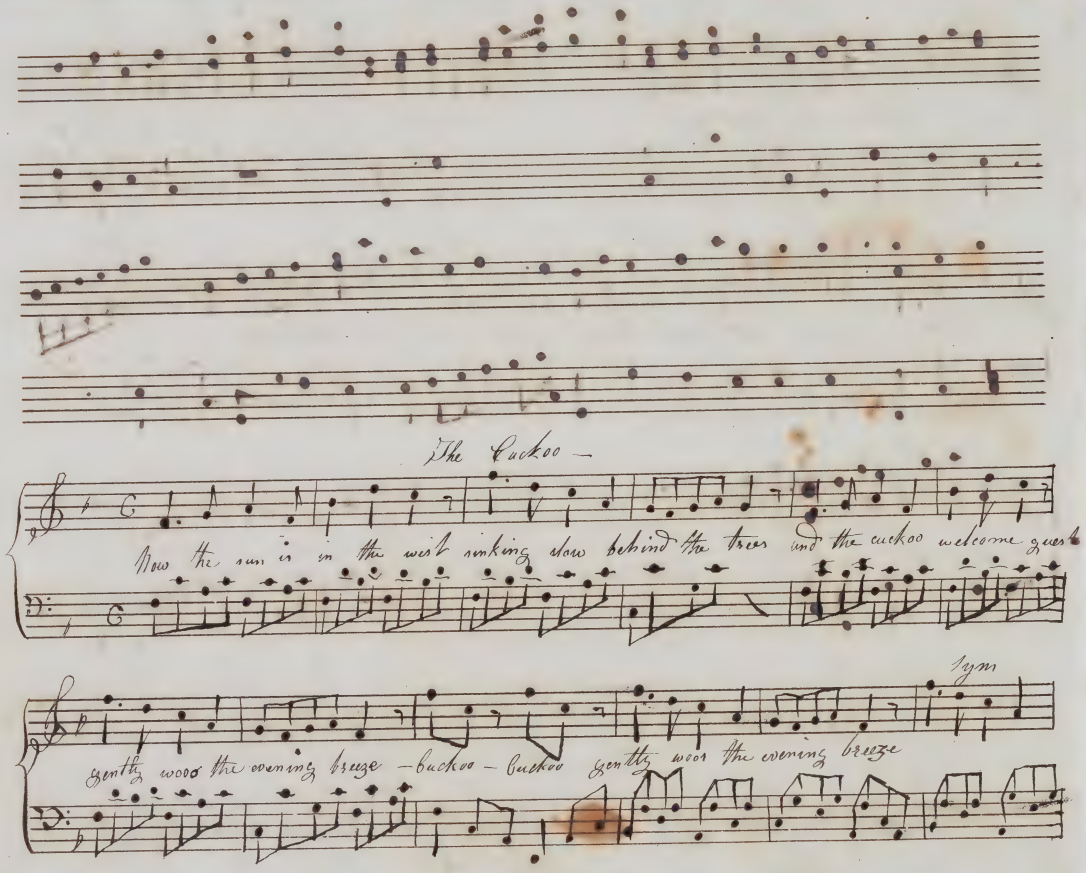
call upon Spouse of Mab sweet Oberon — Spouse of Mab sweet Oberon —

2

Hear me call and woe was sweet —
Soothe the torment of my heart —
Cool my bosoms deep despair —
Soften all this raging care —
Peace and joy with Damons gone —
Come then gentle Oberon —

3

So may Acorns full of dew
Every night be set for you —
So may glow worms light their head
To thy feet were ere you wish to tread —
Be your act were Damon won —
With your praise sweet Oberon —


The Cuckoo —
Now the sun is in the west sinking slow behind the trees and the cuckoo welcome guest
hym
gently woos the evening breeze — Cuckoo — Cuckoo gently woos the evening breeze

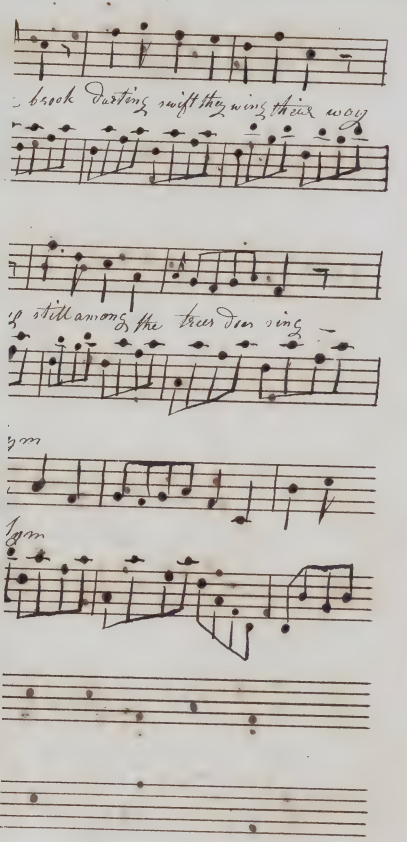
Cheerful see yon shepherd boy,
As he climbs the craggy rocks,
As he views the dappled sky
Pleas'd the Cuckoo's notes he mocks.

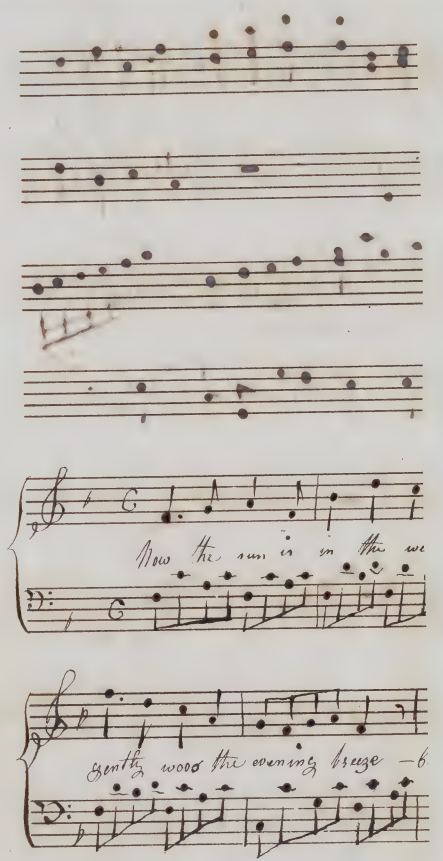
Cuckoo — &c —

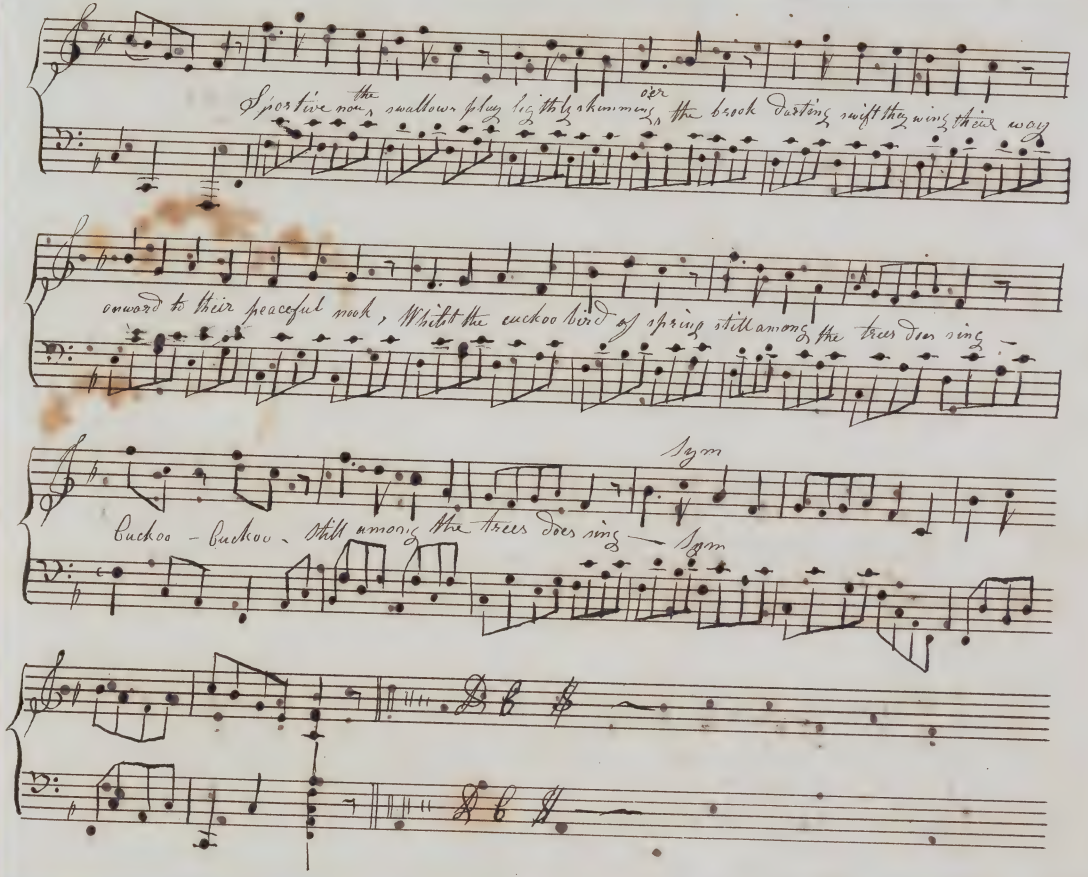
No advancing o'er the plain
Evening's dusky shade appears
And the Cuckoo's voice again,
Gently steals upon the ear.
Phebus retiring from the view
Thus she bids the world adieu —

Cuckoo — &c —

July 15 —

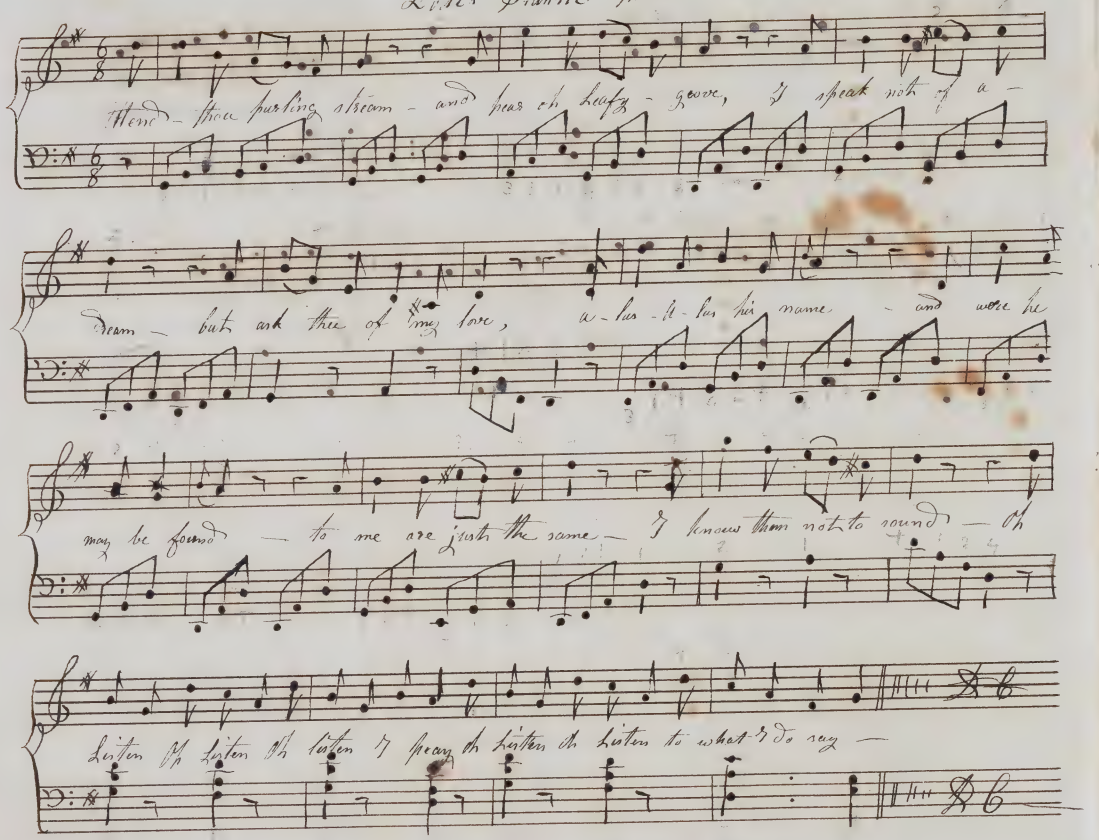



Now the sun is in the we
gently woos the evening breeze —6


Sportive the swallows play high & low o'er the brook darting swift they wing their way
onward to their peaceful nook, Whilst the cuckoo bird of spring still among the trees does sing
Sym
Cuckoo — Cuckoo — Still among the trees does sing — Sym

Once, Twice, Thrice,
One, twice, Thrice I met young Lubin in the green, One, twice, Thrice young Lubin he met
me, The first time I be - held the lad he made a Humble - bow I blush'd and hung my
silly - head and felt I dont know how - he ask'd my hand with such a grace As
dance up - on - the green - I thought he was the bleetest lad thereabouts had ever
ran now could I answer - no oh no oh no I could not -
answer - no -
One, twice, thrice,
when we met again he shewd his art with woodbine bound,
He pointed out his flocks and fields were plenty round,
He told me all the joys of life awaited me within
Took a kind and manly thought it could not be a sin
Now could I answer no &c -
One twice thrice
The third time when we met again he strove consent to gain
To make him happy won his theme and ease his heart of pain,
He vow'd his wealth should all be mine if I to church would go,
He press'd my hand and named the day now could I answer no
I could not answer no - &c -

Lodi's frantic Maid —


Attend — those purling streams — and hear ch leafy — grove, I speak not of a —
dream — but ask these of my love, a — las — it — her — name — and were he
may be found — to me are justh the same — I know them not to sound — Oh
Listen Oh Listen Oh listen I pray Oh listen Oh Listen to what I do say —

2

I was coming from the fair
I wish my love did see,
In pain and in despair
to me he seemd to be
I lighted off my horse
And asked him his case
He told me to his loss
Some villains left him so —
Oh Listen &c —

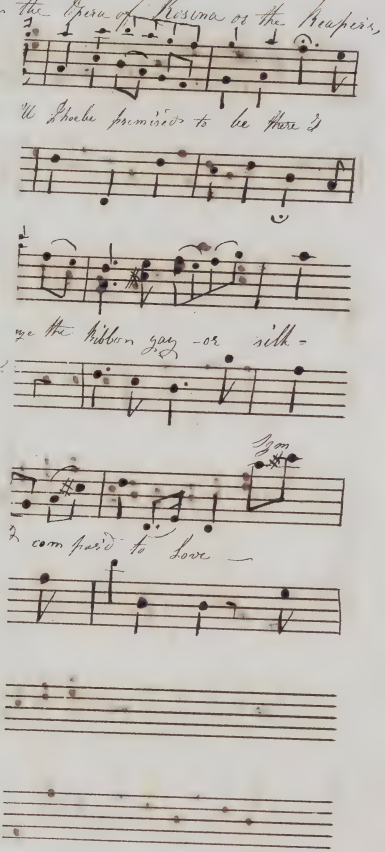
3

In pity I him took
Unto my little cot —
Not knowing of a book
Ought of my future lot
But on the parting day
So sweetly did he smile,
My heart he stole away
nor left me aught the while
Oh Listen &c —

4

Oh say thou christal R.
Is Lodi's frantic maid
Off of the youth you know —
And were he may be stayd
Or thou sweet leafy grove
So friendly oft to me
Relieve me of my love
With happier I may be
Oh Listen &c — July — 18[illegible]

4 bt is in the Opera of Rosina or the Reapers —



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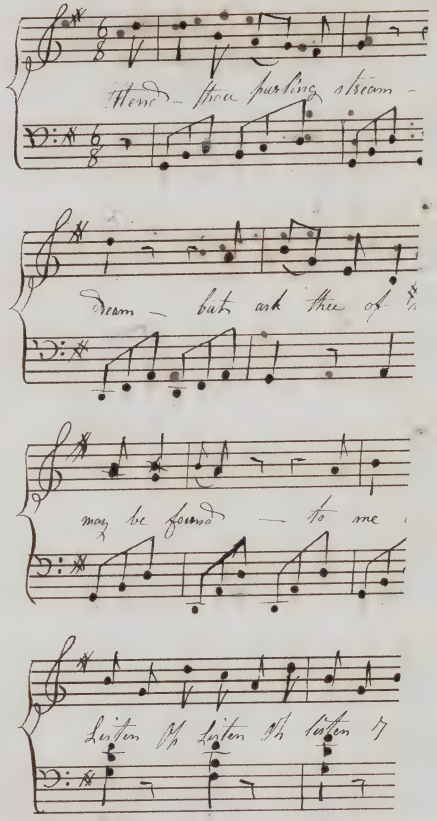


2

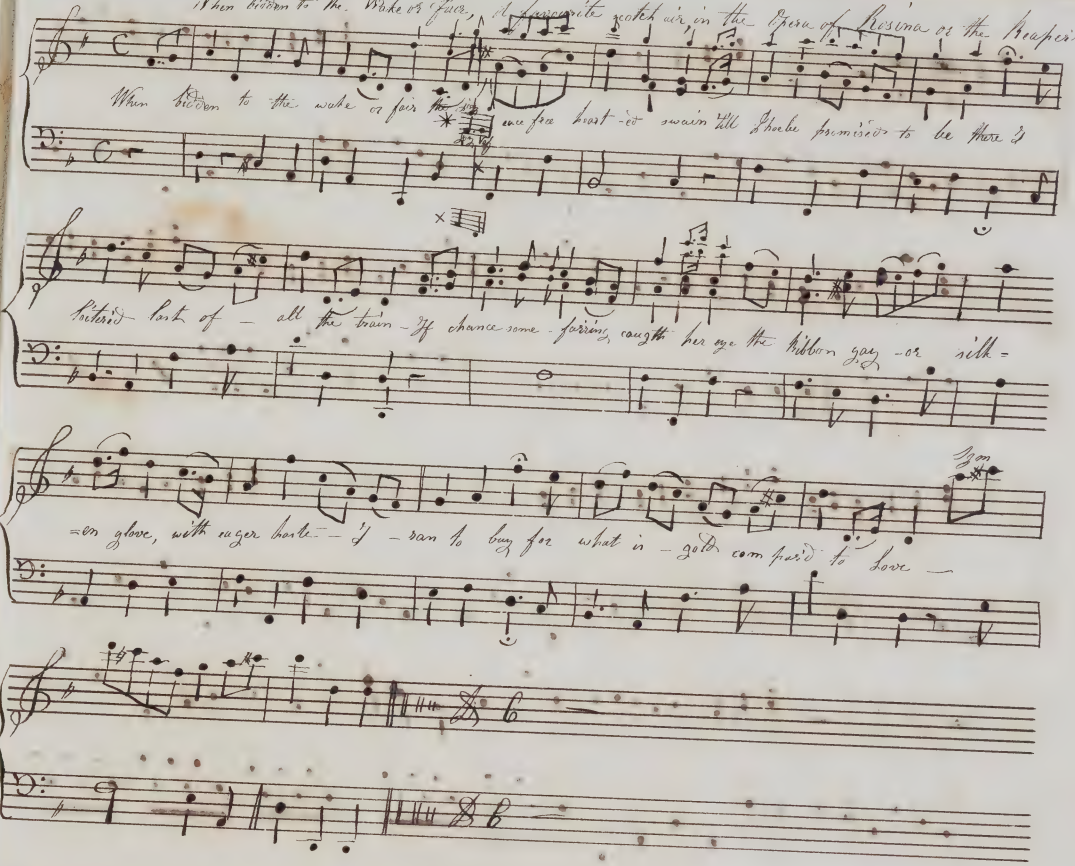
My posy on her bosom plaid?
Cuid Harry's sweeter scents exhale?
Her auburn locks my ribbon graced,
And fluttered in the wanton gale —

3

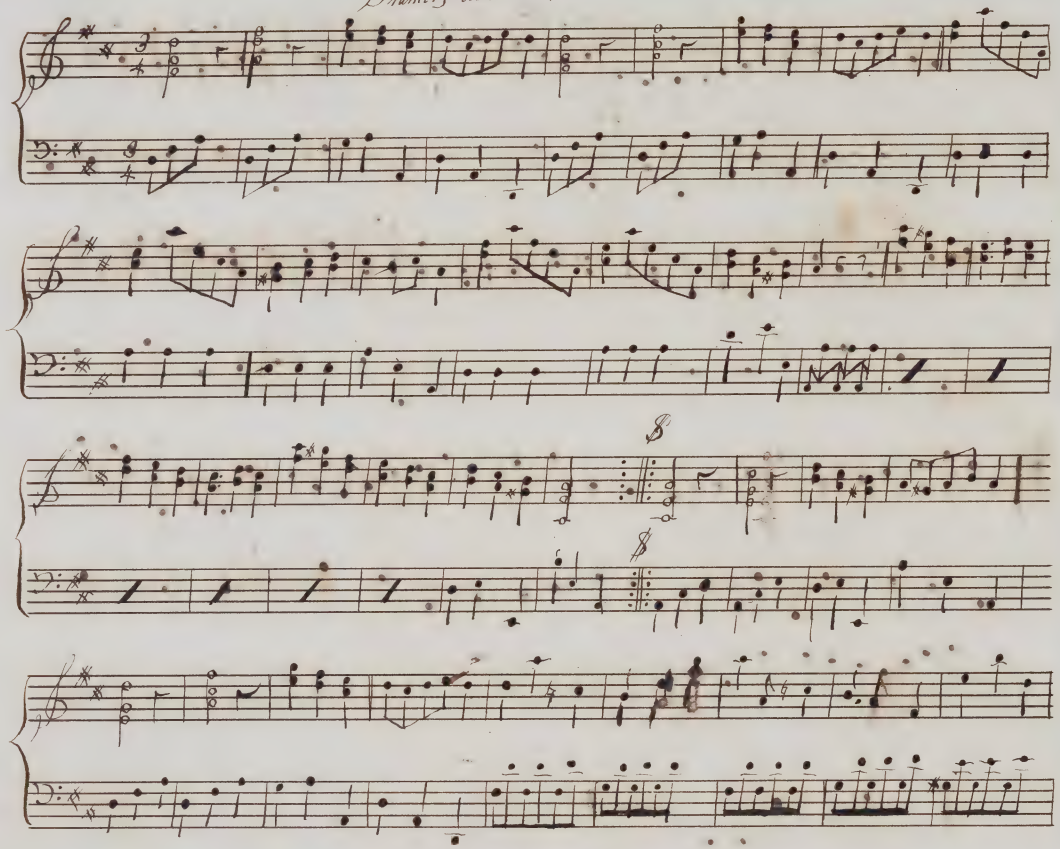
With scorn she hears me now complain,
Nor can my rustic presents move;
Her heart prefers a richer swain,
And gold, Alas! has banish'd Love. —

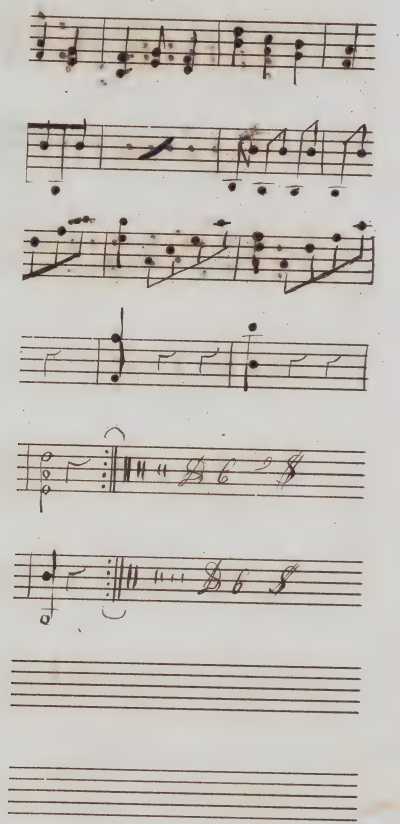
Newbury Port — July 23 —

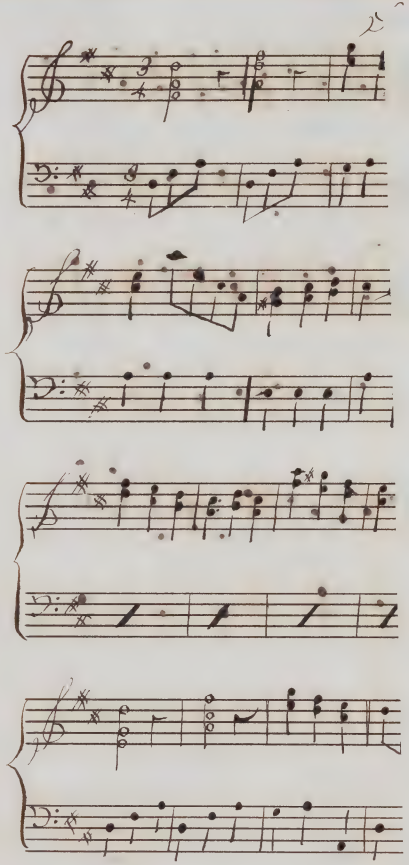
When bidden to the Wake or Fair, A favourite scotch air in the Opera of Rosina or the Reapers, —


When bidden to the wake or fair the
we for heart-ed swain till Phebe promises to be there 2
listless look of — all the train — If chance some — forrin, caught her eye the ribbon gay — or silk —
=en glove, with ruger beats — I — can to buy for what is — gold com pard to love —

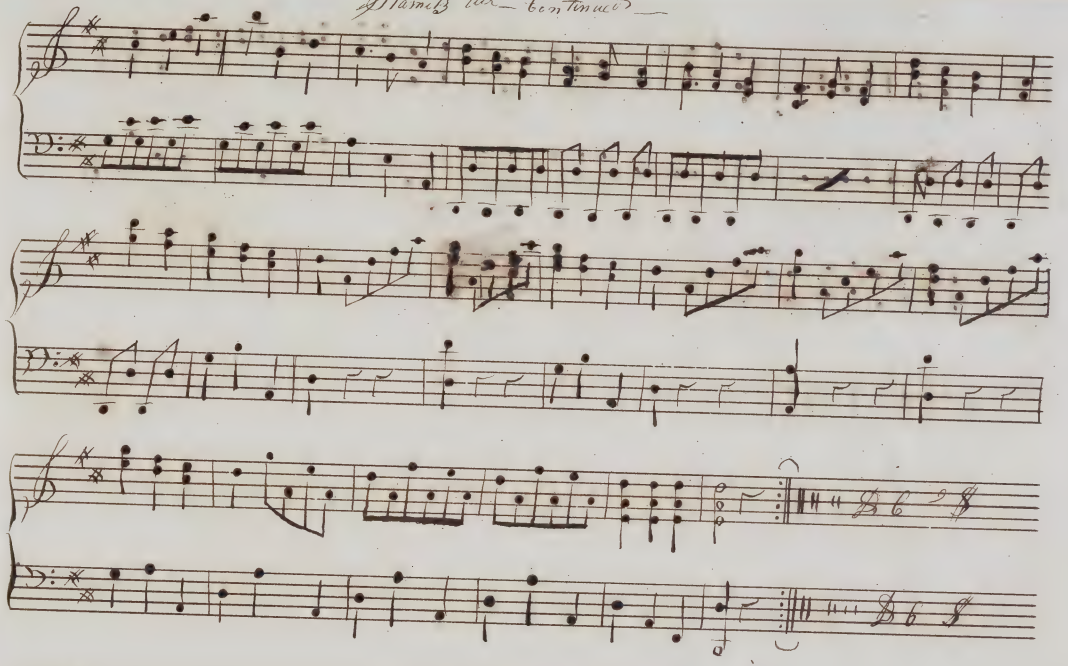
Stamitz Air.





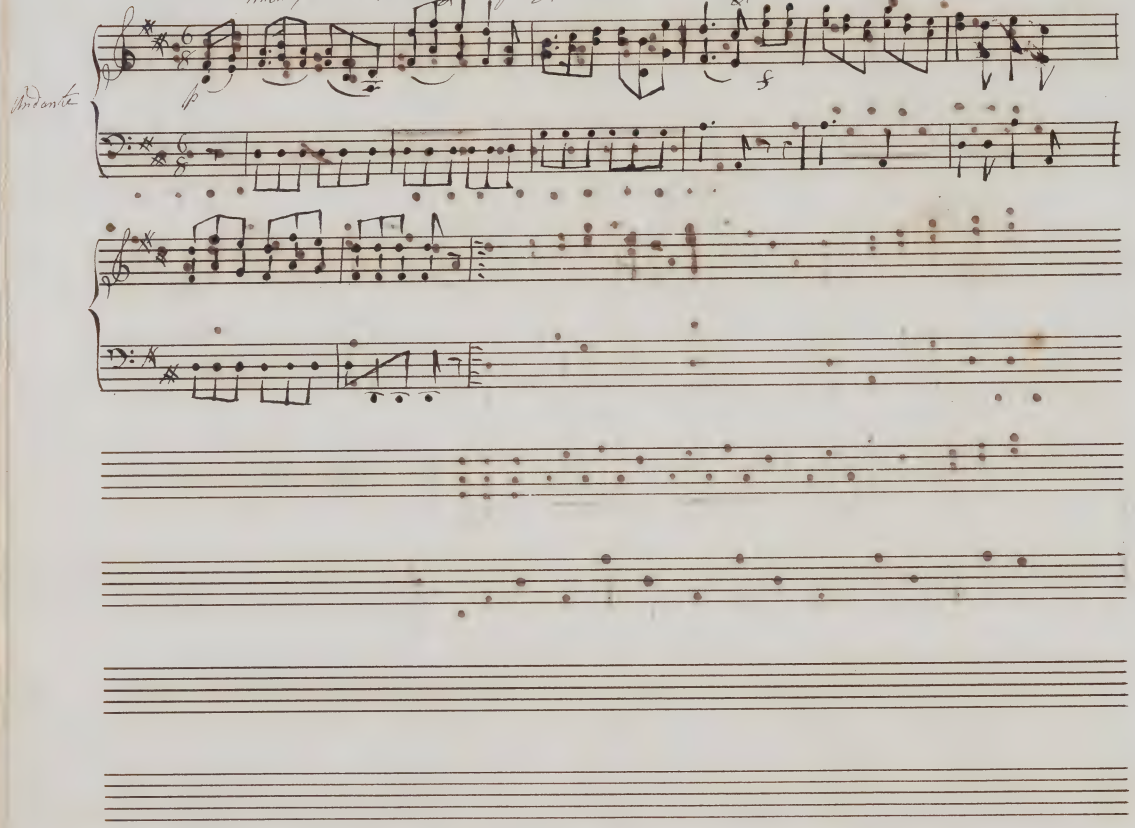


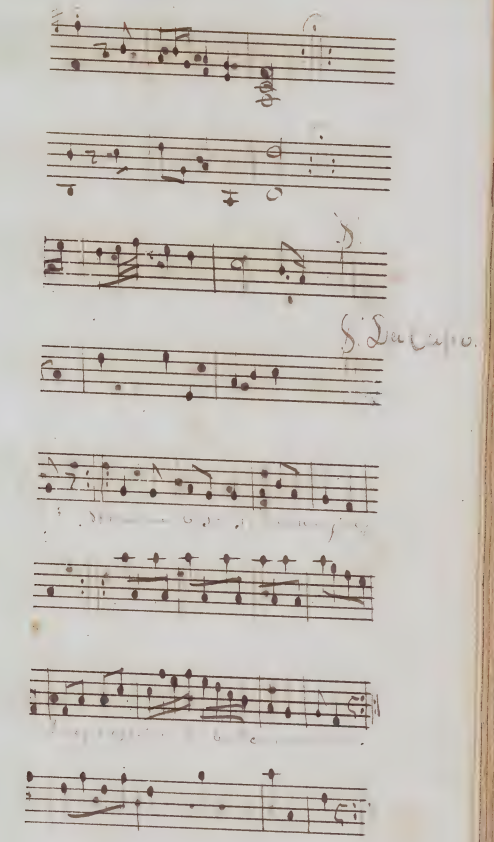
Hamlets Air — Continued —



"When pensive I thought of my Love — A Song in blue Beard —

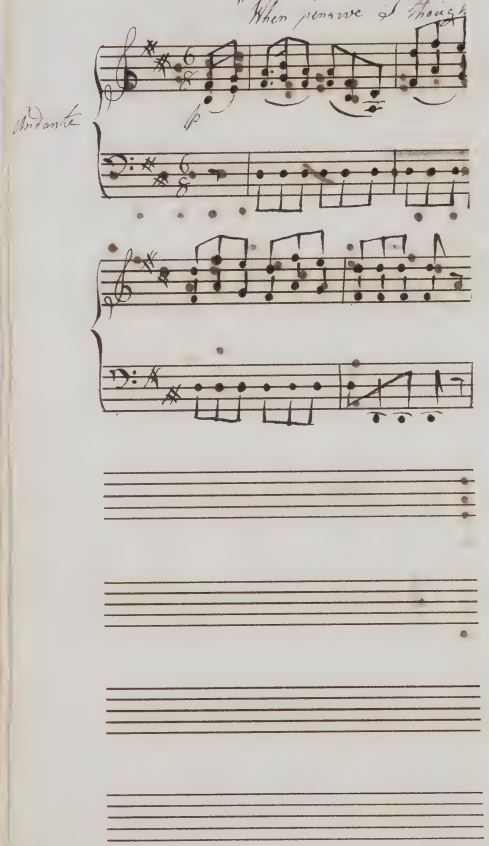
Andante

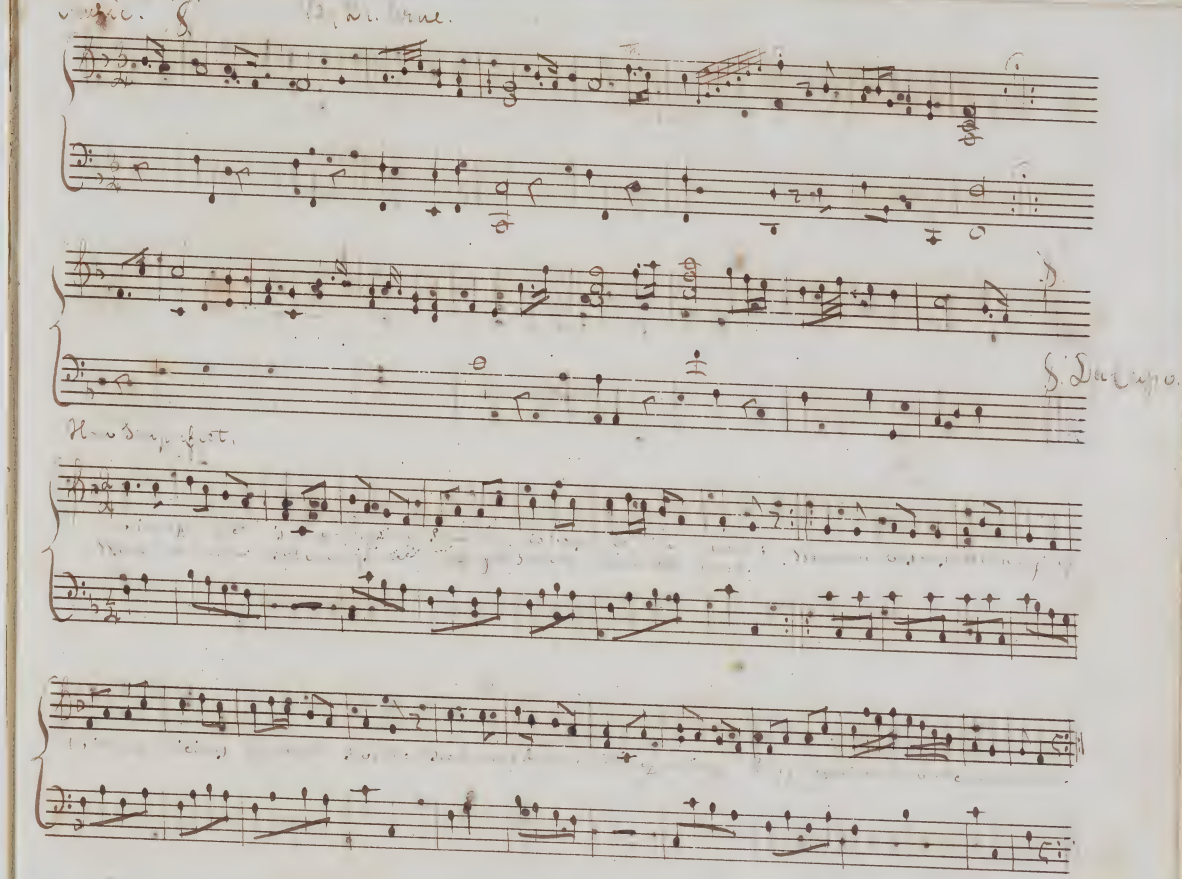




"When pensive I thought

Andante





When Pensive I thought of my love — A favourite song in Blue Beard —

When Pensive I thought of my Love – the Moon on the mountains was bright and Phibe mel down in

the grove broke with the silence of Night & I wish that the tear drop would flow

but fell too much my wish to weep till worn with the weight of my woe I sunk on my pillow to

sleep to sleep to sleep – = I sunk on my pillow to sleep –

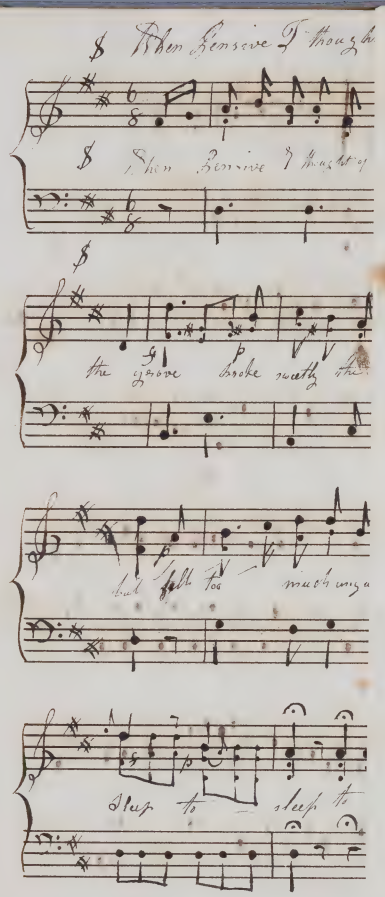
2

I thought of my Love, as I lay,
His ringlets all clotted with gore,
& in the paleness of death, seemd to say
Alas! we must never meet more. –

3

Yes, yes, my beloved we must part
The steel of my Rival was true
The Assassin has struck on that heart
Which beat with such fervor for you. –

October – 1805 –


When Jerusive I thought
When Jerusive I thought
the grove broke with the
but fell too
mutt
sleep to
sleep to

So dearly I love Johnny O.

(A Favorite Scotch Air)

Young

Sandy once a wooing came, and fondly tried to gain my heart he sigh'd whenever he own'd his flame but

soon I guess'd his wily art

Though

Ilka lad in tartan plaid, should ca' me blith & bonny O, They'd try in vain, my heart to gain so

dearly I love Johnny O. Tho' Ilka lad in tartan plaid, should ca' me blith & bonny O, They'd try in

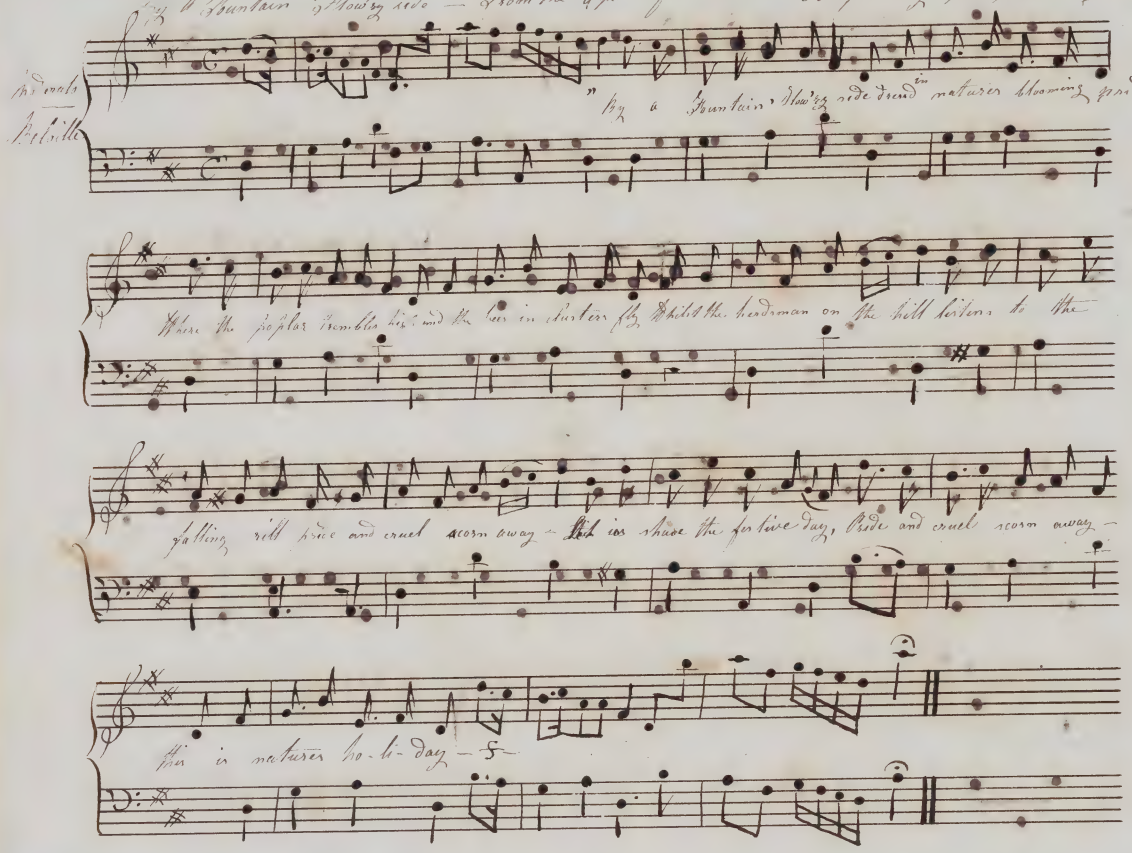
vain my heart to gain, so dearly I love Johnny O, So dearly I love Johnny O, So dearly I love

§ Tho' Johnny canna' boast of wealth,
Contentment crowns his lowly state
His rosy cheeks denote sweet health
And goodness makes the laddie great.
In Aberdeen, there ne'er was seen,
A youth so blith & bonny O.
His flatt'ring tale can ne'er prevail,
So dearly I love Johnny O. §

The o'ther morn upon the bent,
I met my lad so frisk and gay
He vow'd, unless I'd give consent,
He'd o'er the hills, and far away.
At home, we strayd, his pipe he play'd
And sang so blithe & bonny O,
I made a vow to buckle to,
So dearly I love Johnny O.

Johnny O.

By a fountain flowery side — From the Opera of Rosina — Compos'd by Mr Shield —

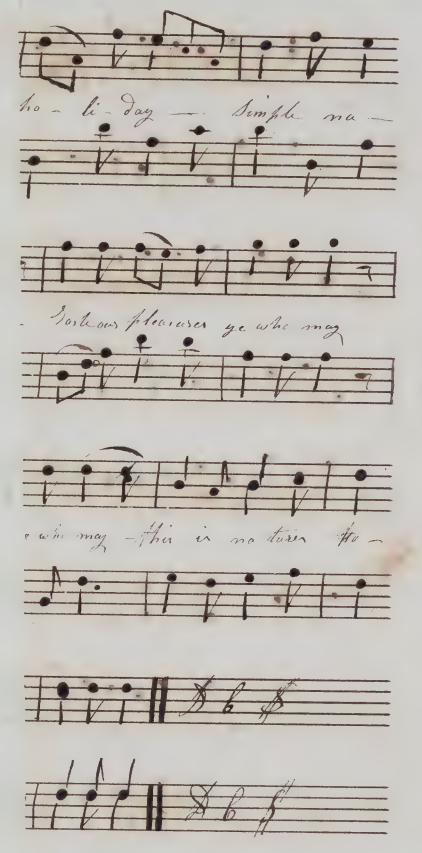

1st treble
Bellville
"by a fountain flowery side dress'd in nature's blooming pride
Where the poplar trembles high and the lark in clusters fly, whilst the headman on the hill listens to the
falling rill price and cruel scorn away — this is those the festive day, Pride and cruel scorn away —
this is nature's ho-li-day —

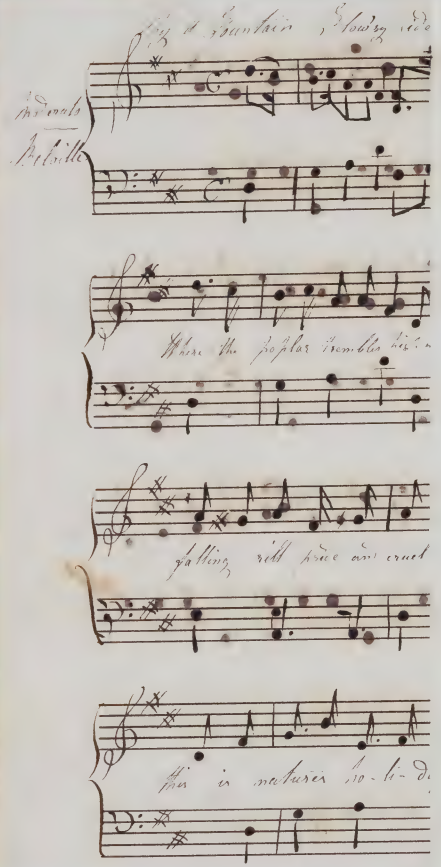
Capt. Belville 2

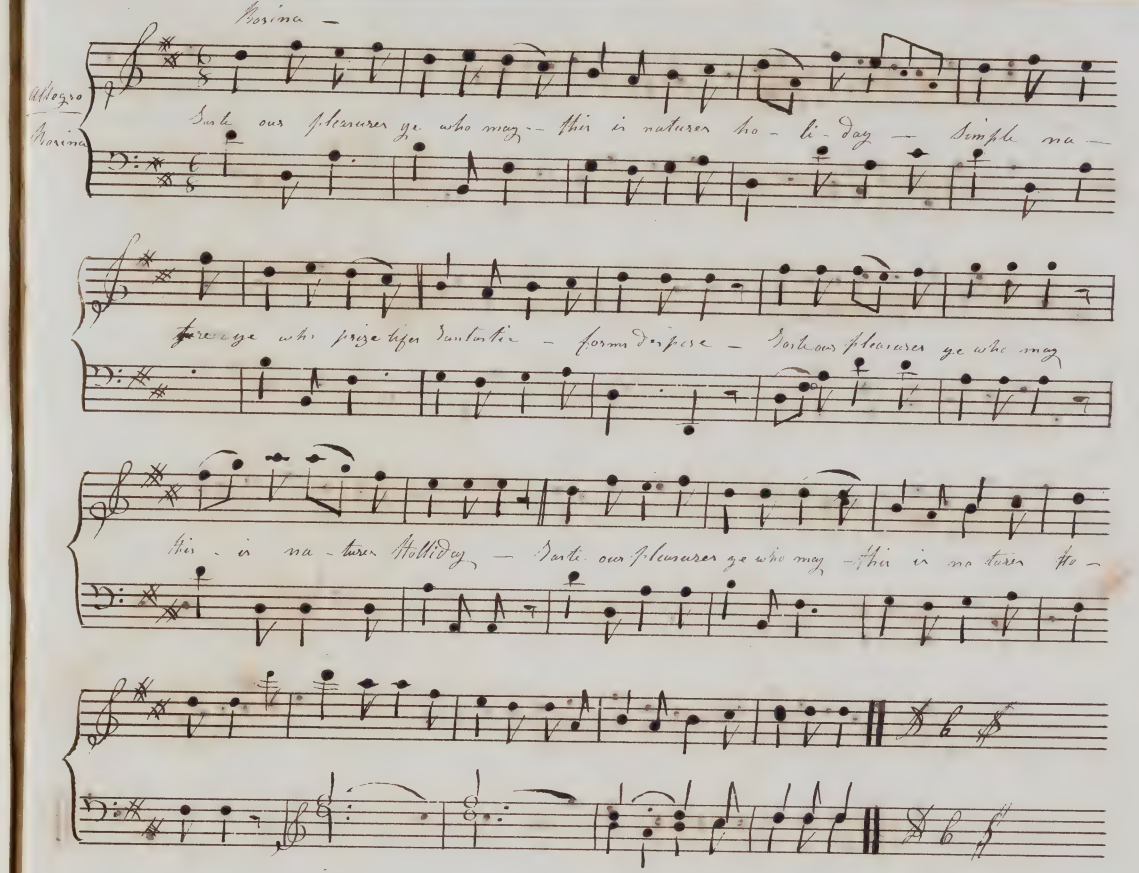
Blushing Bell with downcast eyes,
Sighs and knows not why she sighs,
Allen, Tom is by her, we shall know,
How he eyes her, isn't not so,
He is fond and she is shy,
He would kiss her fie O fie,
Mind thy sickle let her be,
By & by she'll follow thee,
Away cenors hence away — &c —

3

Bowler, Now well quaff the nut brown ale,
Then we'll tell the merry tale,
Rhodes, All is jest and all is glee,
All is youthful jollity,
Lads and lasses all advance
Carol blithe and join the dance,
Trip it lightly while you may,
This is natures holliday
All, Lads and lasses all advance — &c — Bowler




Andante
Bebille
Where the jocular Trebble
falling still price can cruel
this is natures ho-li-


Rosina –
Allegro
Rosina
Taste our pleasures ye who may – this is natures ho-li-day – simple na-
ture who prize true Fantastic – forms despise – Taste our pleasures ye who may
this – is na-tures Holliday – Taste our pleasures ye who may – this is natures ho-

The Dawn returns — Sung in the Opera of Rosina — Composed by Mr Shield

Rosina — The morn returns in saffron —

Plaintive

Duetto but non to sai — si — na' sera — The blushing morn a - wakes the strain a —

Flute

wakes the tuneful Choir — The blushing morn a - wakes the strain a wakes the tuneful —

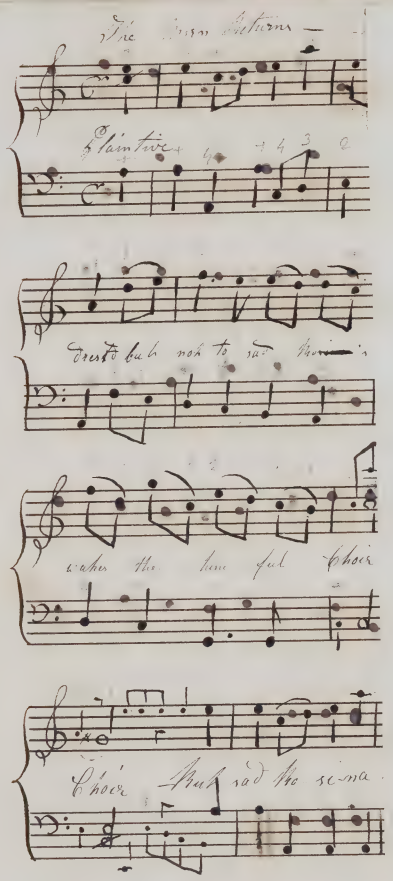
Choir — Shall the sena - tor a - gain shall the exulting — Lyre —

strike

Rosina —

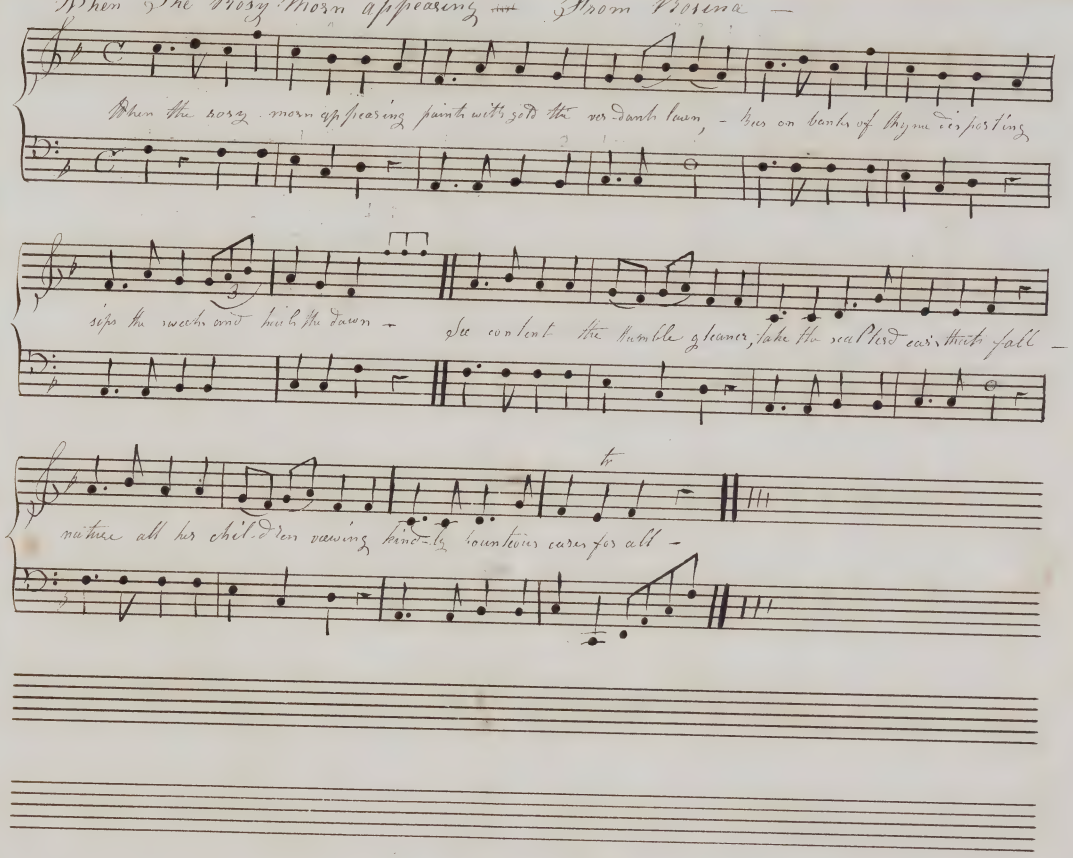
wan, - ders on banks of thyme & per - fume

- gleaner, take the scatter'd ears which fall —



Warbling birds the day proclaiming
Carol sweet their lively strain
They forsake their lofty dwelling
To secure some petty grain
So content the humble gleaner
Takes the scattered ears that fall
Nature all her children viewing
Kindly bounteous cares for all. —

October, 26 —


When the rosy morn appearing
When the rosy morn appearing paints with gold the verdant lawn, - kiss on banks of thyme reposing
sips the sweets and hails the dawn - See content the humble gleaner, takes the scattered ears that fall -
to
nature all her children viewing kindly bounteous cares for all -

Drink to me only

Drink to me only with thine eyes and I will pledge with mine — Drink to me only with

thine eyes and I will pledge with mine — Or leave a kiss but in the cup and I'll not ask —

for wine — Drink to me only with thine eyes and I will pledge with mine —

The Chaplet of Flowers

Vigorous

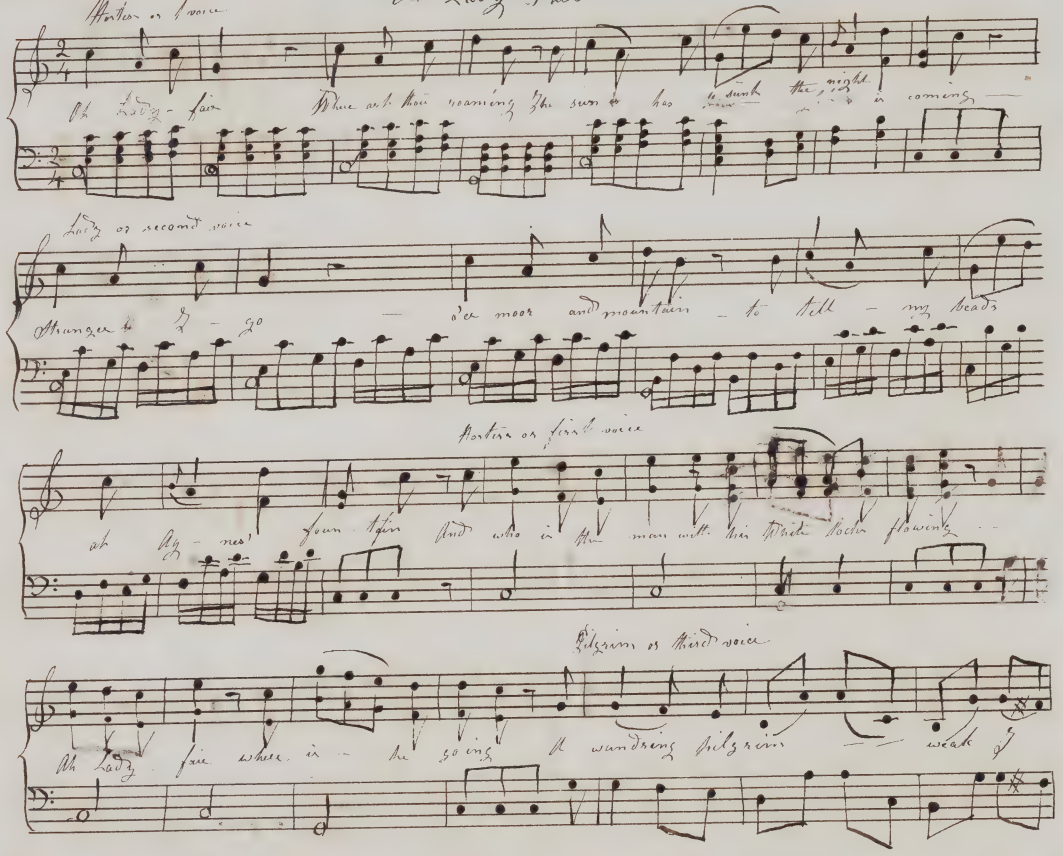
The Chaplet of Flowers Continued

The romans in England they once did vanquish the Saxons they after them led the way And they fought with the Danes till

on each things, they both of them got by the Norman bow yet barons all Either the one and the other were all

of them kings in their turn

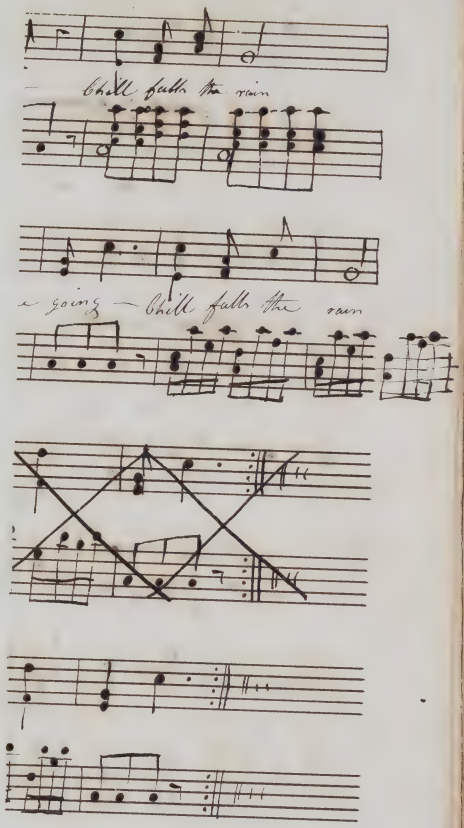
Oh Lady Fair —


Hostess or 1st voice
Oh Lady-fair Where art thou roaming the sun is has sunk the night is coming —
Lady or second voice
— o'er moor and mountain — to tell — my beads
Stranger to go —
Hostess or first voice
oh Agnes' fountain find who in the moon with his white locks flowing —
Pilgrim or third voice
Oh Lady fair where in — he going A wandering pilgrim — weak &

Hostess Fair Lady stay till morning blushes,
I'll strew for thee a bed of rushes,
Lady Oh Stranger when my beads I'm counting
I'll bless thy name at Agnes' fountain;
Hostess Thou Pilgrim turn and rest thy sorrows
Thou'lt go to Agnes' shrine tomorrow;
Pilgrim Good stranger when my beads I'm telling
My Saints shall bless thy lowly dwelling;
Trio Hence then, oh strew our bed with rushes,
there we shall rest till morning blushes —

August 5th —

Trio —



Another in 1 voice

Oh Lady fair Where a

Lady or second voice

Stranger to ly - go

oh ly - nes' fown ly

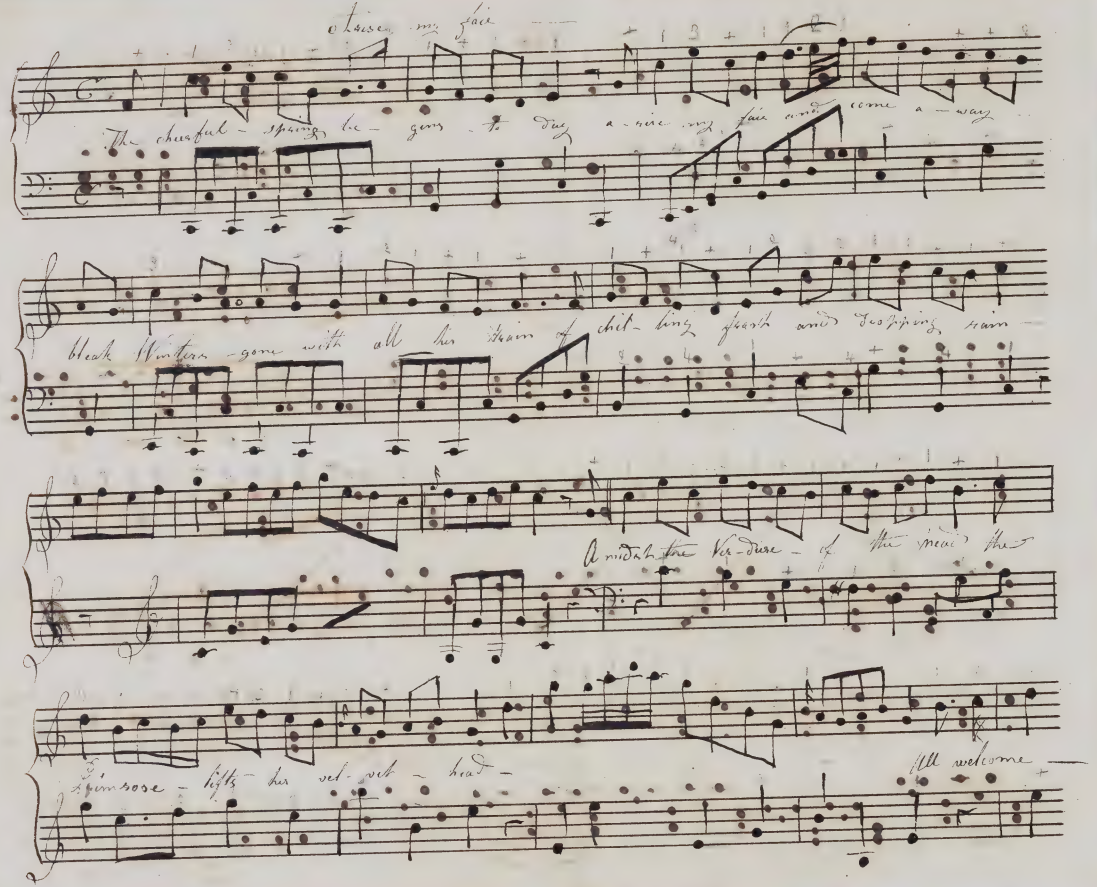
Oh Lady fair where is -

Trio --

fatter - to tell my beads - ah lynes' ithe — bleak falls the rain

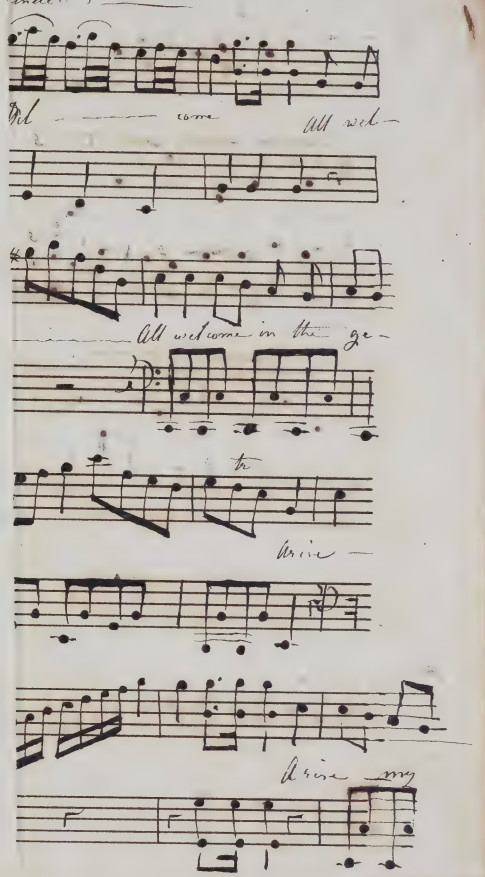
nigh winds are blowing Dreary - and dark's the way wher going — bleak falls the rain

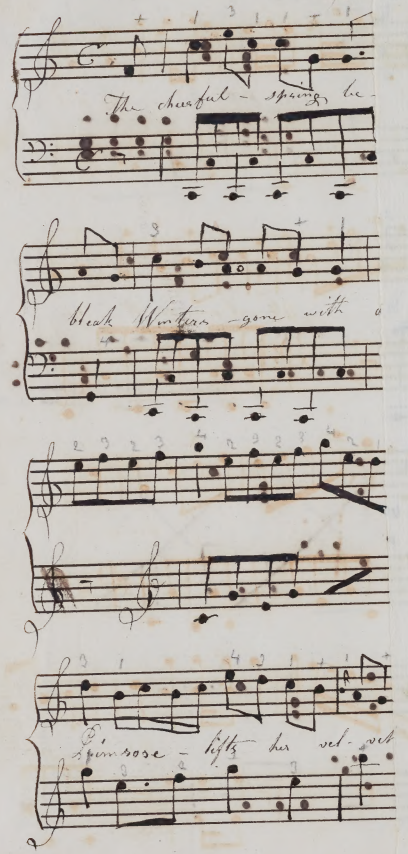
blowing high winds


Arise my fair
The chearful Spring begins to dress a-new my fair arise come a-way
bleak Winter gone with all his train of chit-ling frosts and frost-ing rain
Amidst the Verdure of the mead the
Primrose lifts her vel-vet head
All welcome

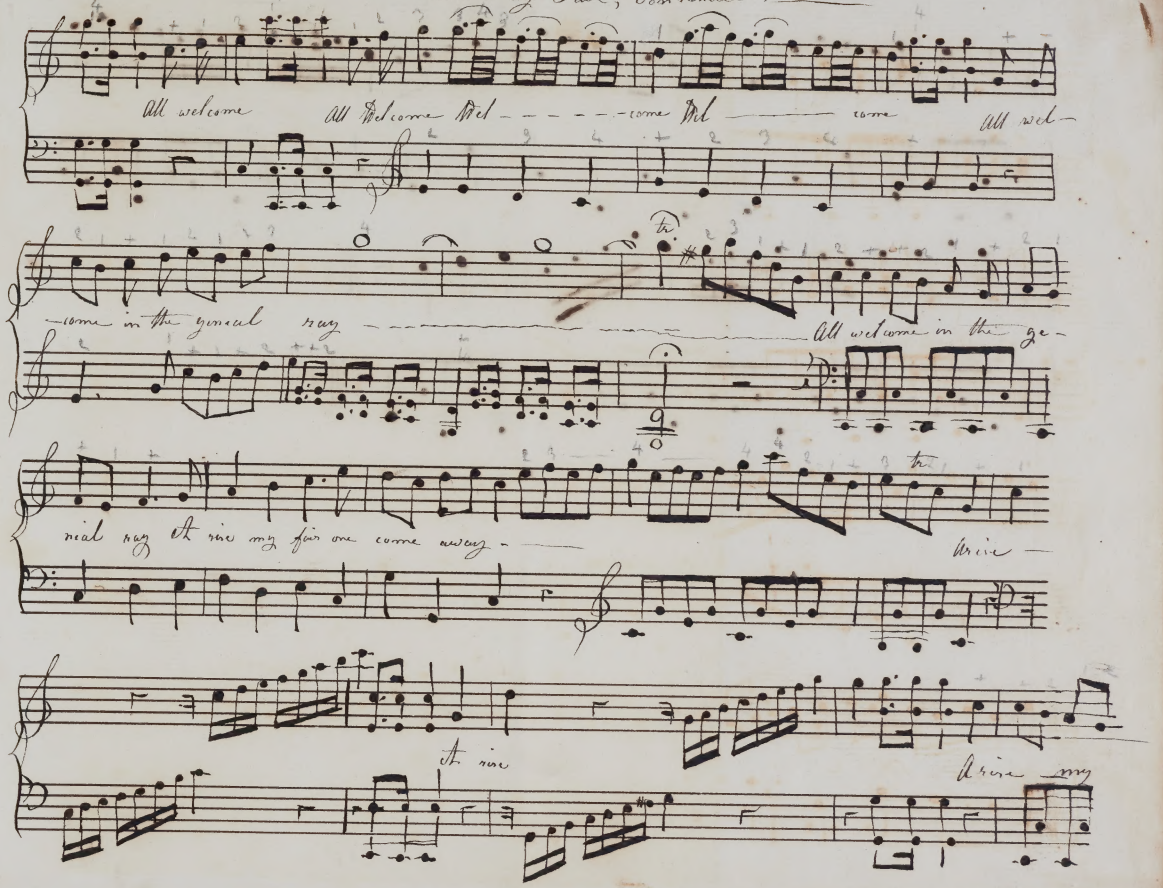
The warbling Birds the woods among
Salute the season with a song,
The cooing Turtle in the grove
Renews his tender tales of Love;
The Vines their infant tendrils shoot
The Fig tree bends with early fruit,
All welcome in the genial ray
Arise my fair one come away.

August



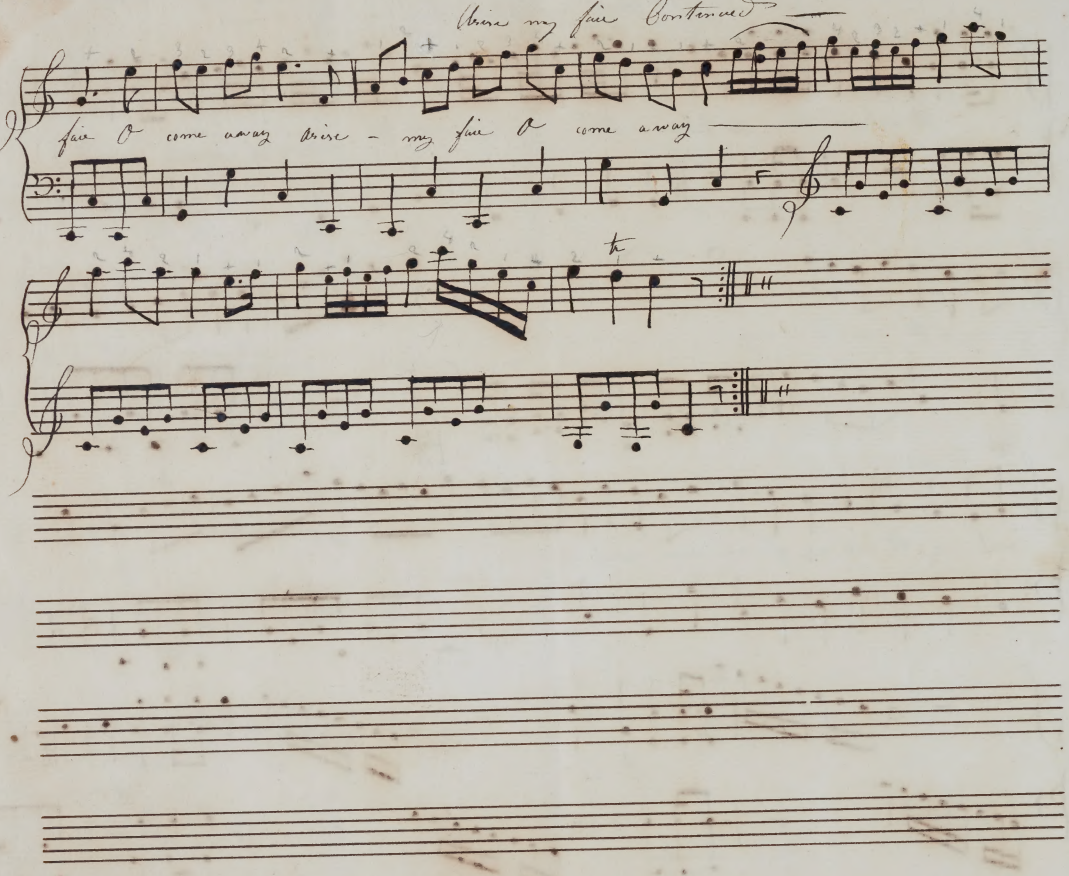


Arise my Love, continued


All welcome
All welcome Wel - - - - - come Wel - - - - come
All wel -
come in the general way
All welcome in the ge -
neal way At rise my fair one come away -
Arise -
At rise
Arise my

Arise my fair Continued

fair O come away Arise – my fair O come away



Soft is the breath of evening gales,
Which odours from the violet steal;
Soft is the voice of nightingales;
But softer is the love I feel.

Pure as the dew drop from the rose,
Is love when founded on esteem;
Pure as the dove that haunts the grove,
Pure as the thoughts which infants dream. —

Nor time, nor absence, can subdue
This tender and unwarping flame;
From earliest youth 'twas fix'd on you,
O Ella! Take the heart you claim. —

Miss Clarke — who used to have been the author of the Allegro & the
She was blind — pronounced — she would have willingly have lost
her sight. —